THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.] MARCH, 1800. [No. 3.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Statements of destruction produced by the French Revolution.

THE effects of political revolutions and civil wars can very rarely be reduced to the accuracy of numbers. Misery, indeed, and pain, and fear, cannot be measured like sugar or salt. They are intellectual existences, and are known only to him that suffers them; but, though we cannot go as far as we wish in tracing the influence of events upon the happiness of mankind, we may go much farther in some cases than in others.

The French revolution, surely one of the most important events in human history, differs from all past transactions in the accuracy with which its origin, progress, and effects may be known to us. In consequence of taking place in an age of literature, we, though so many hundred leagues from the stage on which it is performing, are enabled to survey it minutely and comprehensively. We have memoirs, registers, and catalogues in abundance, and are able to take the length and breadth, as it were, of every motive and tendency belonging to it.

One of the most curious of these documents, is a work published at Paris a few months ago, written by Prudhomme, a famous actor in this scene, and whose details are the more valuable, as his situation enabled him to know more than most others, and as his character, that of a zealous revolutionist and jacobin, will exempt him from being suspected of exaggerating the evils he recounts. His book he calls "An History of the Errors and Evils attending the French Revolution."

This book enables us, by the minuteness of its detail, to reduce the effects of this revolution, in the destruction of life and property, to a kind of map, from which a collected and numerical view of these effects may be obtained. A pathetic story of a single death affects us, indeed, more powerfully, and takes firmer hold of the fancy, than a table which exhibits the sum of ruin in mere figures; but, if the fancy delights or demands to be agitated by pictures of distress, the understanding ought likewise to be informed, and this can only be done by authentic details, in which times and numbers are accurately adjusted.

Those who are fond of comparing past and present events, and who are inquisitive into the causes of human happiness and misery, will

be gratified, perhaps, by the following tables, which are drawn from the narrative of Prudhomme; and the accuracy of which, though not mathematically rigid, is yet as great as the nature of the subject will admit.

The effects of this revolution may be computed in the number of plots and insurrections that took place; in the number of towns, villages, and houses destroyed; and in the number of persons either slain or driven into exile.

The First Period, or that of the CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

From the 17th June, 1789, to the 1st October, 1791, two years, three months, thirteen days.

Violent deaths			3540
Of whom were	Women	12	
	Children	22	
Castles and villas of nobles demolished		123	
Plots and conspiracies detected or denounced		66	
Partial insurrections in the capital or departments		71	

Second Period, or the CONSTITUTIONAL ASSEMBLY.

From the 1st October, 1791, to the 20th September, 1792, eight months, twenty days.

Violent deaths			8044
Of whom were	Women	3	
	Priests	292	
Conspiracies		44	
Insurrections		28	
Castles and villas destroyed		62	

Third Period, or that of Revolutionary Government and the NATIONAL CONVENTION.

From the 20th September, 1792, to the 25th October, 1795, three years, one month, five days.

Conspiracies		360	
Partial insurrections		140	
The victims, during this black period, consist, first; of those who perished judicially, by the guillotine, at Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, and Bedoin,			18,613
Of these were	Noble males	1278	
	Noble females	750	
	Nuns and friars	360	
	Priests	1155	
	Wives of artizans	1467	
Secondly, of those slain in the civil and foreign wars, as follows:			
1st. By the war in Languedoc and Lyonois; by battles, skirmishes, and military execution in the field			31,200

At Lyons.

By terror and famine during the siege		184	799
By the fall of buildings		45	
Pregnant and child-bed women		348	
Slain in the *re-action* of 9th Thermidor		145	
Died in prison		32	
By suicide		45	
Houses destroyed		1674	

At Marseilles.

In the flight from Carteux	650	729
Died in prison	79	

At Toulon.

During the siege	9000	14,325
Massacred or drowned on the flight of the English	3100	
Died in prison	160	
Shot to death (judicially)	800	
Women and children thrown into the sea . .	1265	

At Bedoin.

The whole people totally destroyed or dispersed, exceeding		8,000
Massacred in the southern provinces on the *re-action* of 9th Thermidor		750
2d. By the war of La Vendee, including, first, those slain in battle, or by drowning, shooting, and stabbing, when not in arms		900,000
Of these were, Women	15,000	
Children	22,000	
This war destroyed of villages, hamlets, and farms, upwards of	20,000	
Second, Persons destroyed judicially at Nantes, by Carrier		32,000
Of whom were: Children shot to death . .	500	
Children drowned . . .	1,500	
Women shot to death . .	264	
Women drowned . . .	500	
Priests shot	300	
Priests drowned	460	
Nobles shot and drowned	1,400	
Artizans shot and drowned	5,300	
Died in prison, of a goal or malignant fever . .	8,000	
Third, Persons who killed themselves by shooting, stabbing, hanging, drowning, or leaping from windows, and who died by fright		3,790
Fourth, Women by miscarriage		3,400
Fifth, Died of hunger or despair in the woods, and fastnesses of Lower Brittany, Poitou, and the Angevin		20,000
3d. By the war in St. Domingo; first, whites, including men, women, and children		124,000
Second, Blacks and people of colour, of each sex and all ages		60,000
Third, Towns destroyed	2	
Fourth, Habitations destroyed	3,200	
4th. In the war with Spain, England, Austria, and Prussia, there died in battle and in hospitals		800,000
5th. Persons whom their terror or sufferings deprived of reason		1,550

From these statements, it appears that the victims of the French revolution, in six years and twenty-eight days, from June, 1789, to October, 1795, were,

1st. Killed.

1. Under the National Assembly	3,540	
2. The Constitutional Assembly	8,044	
3. The National Convention	2,017,606	
Total of the killed		2,029,190

2d. Exiles.

1. Nobles, females	9,130	
2. Nobles, males	15,949	
3. Nobles, officers in the army	8,392	
4. Nobles, officers in the navy	1,589	
5. Members of the parliaments	413	
6. Proprietors of land	9,229	
7. Advocates	2,867	
8. Notaries	324	
9. Physicians	328	
10. Surgeons	540	
11. Bankers	228	
12. Merchants	7,847	
13. Farmers, or tenants of land	3,268	
14. Artizans	22,729	
15. Wives of artizans	3,000	
16. Children	2,987	
17. Domestics	2,729	
18. Members of religious orders	4,321	
19. Priests	28,729	
Total of the exiles		123,789
Total of the slain and banished, previous to October, 1795,		2,152,979

The reader will observe that these statements come no lower than 1795. Since that period have elapsed five years of internal revolutions and foreign war. This war has been remarkably destructive, if not from any peculiar ferocity with which it is carried on, yet from the equality in military skill between the parties, the obstinacy of their contention, the great number of combatants, and the extent of the theatre of war. Hostilities have been carried on with infinite waste and havock, in the Netherlands, along the Rhine, in Swabia, in Switzerland, in the Pyrenean frontier of Spain, in every part of Italy, in Egypt, and in Syria. How many thousands of English, Prussians, Austrians, Dutch, Spaniards, Italians, and *Saracens*, either as soldiers or subjects, must be added to the list of Frenchmen, whose life, property, and happiness, have been the victims of this mighty revolution?

The foregoing statements afford us accurate conceptions of the ruinous effects of *three years* of conventional government, or what has been emphatically styled *the reign of terror*. The more we ponder on the scene, the more clearly shall we perceive the justness of this terrific appellation.

Should we be told of a numerous army drawn out in a long line, and, without a fault, unpityingly *deci-*

mated, we should recoil from the spectacle with horror. This horror would increase in proportion to the innocence of, and number of the victims, and to the caprice which impelled their tyrant to shed so much blood. Parallel to such a decimation, was, in some respects, the scene exhibited in France during the reign of terror. It was in reality a decimation, since *one in ten* of the whole number perished by a violent and painful death; but let it be remembered that the whole number amounted to upwards of *twenty millions* of human beings; that they consisted of all sexes, ages, and conditions; and that their death, unlike the dispatch of a military execution, was attended by a thousand hideous aggravations.

By these remarks is intended nothing but the display of an historical fact. The causes or equity of the French revolution I shall leave to be discussed by others. I shall not attempt to aggravate or extenuate the evils of the present period, by comparing them with those produced by former revolutions and wars. Whether the havock which ensued the subversion of Rome; the mutual attacks and invasions of the princes of Christendom in early ages; the devastations and massacres to which the reformation gave birth in France, the Netherlands, and Germany, argue greater or less barbarity and folly than the present age has witnessed, are curious questions, but, by far, too difficult for

Your well wisher,

C. D.

New French Political Nomenclature.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING found amusement, and some instruction, in collecting most of the terms descriptive of parties and opinions in what may be called the new French political nomenclature, I have formed a list of them, and added to each what explanation I was able to procure. The French revolution curiously exemplifies the influence of new situations to give birth to new ideas and to new terms. The history of language is an important part of the history of man; and, to be unacquainted with the former, is to be ignorant of the latter.

These terms continually recur in the history of the present times, and much inconvenience may arise from wanting a seasonable and commodious guide to their true meaning. I do not pretend to have been complete or infallible in my catalogue and definitions, and many deficiencies will be left unsupplied, or to be supplied by others; but, such as it is, it may not prove unacceptable.

Parliamentaires.	Adherents to the parliaments of 1788.
Les Brissotins, Les Gerondins, Les Rolandins, Les Louveteux.	The republican party in the National Assembly, so called from their supposed chiefs, Brissot, Louvet, and Roland, and from the name of the department *La Geronde*, of which the most distinguished among them were deputies.
Les Materialistes, Les Philosophes.	The atheists. The last mentioned party so called by the friends of religion.
La Pleine.	*The plain.* Brissot's followers, so called from their occupying the lower seats in the theatre where the representatives met.

Les Demagogues, Les Populaciers.	The rabble-courters.
Les Democrates, Les Republicains.	The same party, so called from their espousing the scheme of a simple republic.
Les Revolutionnaires.	Friends to a revolution in general.
Les Fédéralistes.	A party supposed to be in favour of a division of the empire into independent cantons.
Les Pittistes, Les Agens de Pitt et Cobourg, Les Salaries de Cobourg.	Supposed spies and deputies kept in pay by England and Austria.
Monsieur Veto.	The king. From the exercise of his negative in 1792.
L'Orateur de l'Espéce humain.	Anacharsis Klootz.
Les Aristocrates, Les Royallistes, Les Monarchistes.	The friends of the old government. *Church and king's men.*
Les Emegrés, Les Coblentz, Les Condéans, Les Ci-devants.	The exiled nobles and priests. Those in arms under Condé, whose head-quarters, for a time, was Coblentz.
Les Tyranicides.	Voters for the king's death.
Les Refractaires, Les Fanatiques, Les Insermentés, Les Devotés, Les Deportés, Les Christocoles.	The favourers of the ancient hierarchy, and of religion in general. *The non-jurors* or priests who refused the civic oath, and who were banished.
Les Theophilantropes.	Sectaries of a new political religion, excluding revelation and the bible.
Les Nihilistes, Les Nuls, Les Observateurs.	The neutrals. The no-party-men.
Les Orleanistes.	The partizans of Orleans.
La Coté Gauche.	Revolutionary party in the first assembly.
Les Constitutionelles.	Advocates of the English constitution in the first assembly.
Les Mixtés.	The mixt-monarchy-men.
Les Moderés, Les Humanistes, Les Impartieux, Les Indulgens, Les Amnistiés.	Friends of moderate measures, especially respecting the punishment of the king.
Les Montagnards, Les Montagne.	The mountain or mountaineers, from their occupying the higher benches of the hall.
Les Jacobins.	The same party; from the place of their meeting, as a club, being the convent of the jacobins.
Les Maratistes, Les Robespierristes.	The same party; from their leaders, Marat and Robespierre.

Les Niveleurs (Levellers) Les Agrariens, Les Honnêtes-gens, Les Sectionnaires, Les Partizans de la commune, Les Patriotes du '93, Les Patriotes par excellence, Les Patriotes plus patriotes que les patriotes, Les Regenerateurs, Les Ultra-revolutionnaires, Les Bonnets-Rouges.	The same party; from their schemes for equalizing property, from their pretentions to honesty, from their siding with the commune of Paris and the sections, from their struggles for greater *purity* of manners and more thorough revolutions, and from their *red caps*.
Les Anarchistes, Les Démoralisateurs, Les Dépopulateurs, Les Brûleurs, Les Disorganisateurs, Les Egorgeurs, Les Enrages, Les Hecatombeurs, Les Hommes de Sang, Les Incendiaires, Les Massacreurs, Les Noyeurs, Les Propagandistes, Les Chevaleurs de Pognard, Les Sanguinocrates, Les Septembrizeurs, Les Milicides, Les Terroristes, Les Beuveurs de Sang,	Appellations with which the same party was stigmatized by the hatred or revenge of those who suffered by their cruelty. The Septemtrizeurs were those who justified the murder of the prisoners at Paris and Versailles on the 3d September, 1793. The Propagandistes were those schemers who, like Klootz, proposed to revolutionize the world.
Les Tutoyeurs, Les Carmagnoles, Les Sans-Culottes.	The same party; *thee-and-thou-men*, from their affectation of Roman simplicity; the same party, from their favourite song La Carmagnole, and their courting the rabble, whose poverty left them *without breeches; the raggamuffins, tag-rag-and-bobtail.* (Ci-devant *La Canaille.)*
Les Denonciateurs, Les Alarmistes, Les Assommeurs, Les Aveliseurs, Les Diffamateurs, Les Dissidens, Les Affameurs, Les Malveillans.	The same party; thus branded by their adversaries in the Convention, from their dealing in calumny, from their denouncing conspirators, and their urging new measures for the public safety from traitors and spies.
Les Reacteurs, Les Reactionnaires, Les Reagisseurs.	New revolution-men; retalliators; the takers of vengeance on the fallen party.

Les Heros de cinq cent livres.	Those who paid this sum for exemption from military service; heroes of the purse-string.
Les Hommes d'Etat.	The men of property; the purse-proud.
Les Bureaucrates.	The men in office; the place-men.
La Junesse dorée.	The foplings; *the poppinjays;* folks-in-lace.
Le Million doré.	The rich; the money-holders.
Les Use-Calottes.	*The men-in-breeches;* the gentle-folk.
Les Jureurs.	Constitutional priests, who took the civic oath.
Les Requisitionnaires.	The requisition-men.
Les Presseurs.	The enlisters by force.
Les Proconsuls.	Name given in reproach to the deputies of *the mountain* faction sent into the departments.
Les Missionaires.	The same delegates.
Les Meneurs.	Same as presseurs; the drivers.
Les Chaumettistes, Les Dantonistes, Les Hebertistes, Les Fayettistes, La Jeunesse de Freron, Les Freronistes, Les Petionistes, Les Phillippotins, Les Merlinistes, Les Talienistes, Les Babeuvistes.	Various factions in Paris and the Legislative Body; so called from their leaders, Chaumette, Danton, Hebert, &c.
Les Conventionnels.	Partizans of the Convention against the *Fauxbourgois*, in 1795.
Les Nouveau Teirs.	The new thirds, elected into the Convention by the law of 1795.
Les Pantheonistes, Les Patriottes du Cul-de-sac Dauphin, Les Feuillans, Les Cordeliers.	Factious clubs; from their place of meeting.
Les Fraternizeurs de Grenelle.	Jacobin conspirators, and assailants of the camp at Grenelle 4th year.
Les Myriagramistes.	The rise-in-mass-men.
Les Femmes Revolutionnaires.	The Paris fish-women. Les poissards.
Le Peuple Souvereign.	The mob of Paris.
Les A-la-Lanterniers.	The halter-men; the lantern-rope-men.
Les Vainqueurs de la Bastile, Les Hommes du 14 Juillet.	Assailants of the bastile in 1789.
———du 10 Aloût.	Assailants of the Tuilleries in 1792.
———du 2 Septembre.	Assassins of the prisoners in 1793.
———du 31 May.	Those who triumphed over the Brissotins in 1793.

Les Vendemiaristes.	Partizans of the Convention in the sectionary insurrection of the 4th year.
Les Fructidoriens.	Conquerors of Babœuf and his accomplices 4th year.
Les Germinalistes.	Conquerors of the jacobins Barrere, Bellaud, &c. 3d year.
Les Prarialistes.	Denouncers and punishers of *the mountain* conspiracy, 3d year.
Les Thermidoriens.	Tallien, Le Gendre, &c. who prevailed against the *triumvirs* in 1794.
Les Egoïstes,	Names of reproach given by one faction to another.
Les Endormeurs,	
Les Exagerés,	
Les Exclusifs,	
Les Intrigans,	
Les Contre-revolutionaires,	
Les Clubbistés.	
Les Triumvirs.	Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon.
Les Opprimées.	The party out of power.
Les Victêmes.	Persons banished, imprisoned, or executed.
La Faction de l'Etranger.	A vague reproach, as if leagued with foreign enemies.
Le Comité Autrichien.	Partizans of the queen.
Conspirations,	Plots detected, or supposed; so called from some circumstance in their formation or discovery—as, the handkerchief plot, the trunk plot, the red-egg plot, the truckle-bed conspiracy.
——des Prisons,	
——des Mouchoirs,	
——des Boêtes,	
——des Oeufs-rouges,	
——des Matelas.	
La Queue de Robespierre.	The remnant of the jacobins after their defeat.
Salmistes,	The half-way-men; the hotchpotch; the all-side-men; the trimmers.
Salmichiens,	
Salmi-gondes.	
Les Aboyeurs.	The barkers; the clamorous minority.
Les Agioteurs.	The stock-jobbers.
Les Appelans.	The appealers to the primary assemblies.
Les Perpetuals.	The hold-fasts (on the crimes of the king).
Les Bourbiers.	The mud-cocks.
Les Tricateusses.	The cudgellers; the *club-lawyers.*
Les Brumistes.	The mal-contents; the morose; *the misty-sighted.*
Les Legionnaires.	The legion-men.
Les Cadenettes.	The curly-pates.
Les Calotins.	The coxcombs.
Les Pacificateurs.	The peace-makers.
Les Clichiens.	
Les Marveilleuses.	The wonder-workers.
Les Ancien-limitaires.	The old-limit-men.
Les Tappe-durs.	The domiciliary visitors; *the knock-hards.*
Les Incroyables.	The incredibles.
Les Insoucians.	The giddy-heads; *les gens sans souci.*

Les Robinocrates.	The pettyfoggers; the sticklers for law.
Royal-Pituite.	The king's-phlegm.
Royal-Bonbon.	The king's-dainty.
Le Rocher.	The rock.
Le Ventre.	The belly.
Les Mitrailleurs.	Grape-shot-men; *sword-lawyers.*
Les Blues.	The blues.
Les Noirs.	The blacks.
Les Bonnets-rouges.	The red-caps (jacobins.)
Les Collets-noir.	The black-collars.
Les Collets-vert.	The green-collars.
Les Epaultiers.	The soldiery; officers of the army.
Les Bonnets-gras.	The greasy-caps.
Les Chiffonistes.	The Tatter-demallions (in Lyon.)
Les Oreilles de Chien.	The dog-ears.
Les Martinistes, Les Enfans du Soleil, Les Christo-coles, La Compagnie de Jesus, Les Mathevons.	Titles of the insurgents of Languedoc and Lyon.
Les Suspects.	All whom the ruling party thought fit to arrest and imprison.
Les Charettistes, Les Vendéans, Les Chaûffeurs, Les Chouans, Les Brigands de la Vendée, Les Corneurs, Les Faction dedevotés, ——de la mere de dieu, ——des Epouseurs, ——de Proly.	Titles distinguishing the insurgents of Poitou and Bas Bretagne.

A Word-Chase.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

You are so sober and grave a person that, perhaps, you may object to any communication, whose chief purpose is amusement; but you will oblige me, and some other of your idle readers, by admitting the following inquiries. Questions of this kind, though mere puzzle-caps and time-killers to the frivolous, are, to the reasoning part of mankind, topics of instructive recreation. It may chance, at least, to amuse a circle round a tea-table.

I should be glad to know of the solvers of enigmas, and the dissectors of conundrums, what word it is in the English language which possesses the following properties:

1st. It is the longest word in the language.

2d. Its letters are thrice the number of its syllables, and its syllables are *seven*.

To describe it genealogically, we may say that it is a concrete noun, descended in the fourth degree from a noun appellative, which first term, and all the intermediate terms, are

included as syllables, and in the order of their descent in the word that is sought for. Thus the first term begat the second, the second begat the third, and the third begat the fourth, and the fourth produced the fifth.

To describe it as a charade, we may make the word speak for itself, by saying,

My first is the darling of all ranks, and affords pleasure once, and sometimes twice a day, to half the human race.

My second always accompanies my first. It is never found but where men are; but wherever men are, on sea or land, town or country, among pagan or believer, provided they have art enough to hew a log, it is always to be found.

My first and second is a species of my second. It says nothing itself, but has surprising efficacy in collecting others around it and setting them to talk. It is not so frequent as my second, but it always accompanies my first. Though my first may occur without my first and second, my first and second *must* be attended by my first. Nay, the art of man cannot sever them.

My third distinguishes man from all other animals; but, though none but man has it, the most foolish have the most of it. Where my first is, my third is generally found, and is always welcome.

My second and third is a species of my third; 'tis a necessary agent for furthering the affairs of the world. There is nothing high or low, far or near, familiar or remote, which it does not meddle with. It discusses all themes and all characters, and is, by turns, a sage, a statesman, a critic, poet, and buffoon.

My first, second and third is a species of my second and third. Like the former, it assumes all shapes, and handles all topics, but is most commonly a trifler. It loves most, the company of witlings and coquets, and is slanderous to a proverb.

My fourth and fifth merely change my first, second and third into an adjective, and my sixth metamorphoses the whole once more into a substantive—and now, I pray you, what is my name?

To drop the mask of a conundramist, this marvellous word indicates a meaning that daily occurs to our thoughts; it denotes a quality ordinary, obvious, and familiar, and is a sterling and intelligible English word.

All its syllables, separately taken, are not significant; and yet, by splitting up this word into one or more syllables, we obtain, without varying their order, disjoining syllables, or wresting sounds, or using any of the tricks of a rebus-maker, we obtain no less than twelve distinct terms. Let it be noted that, on being joined together, either in one chain, so as to form the word desired, or in subordinate divisions, they lose not their original sense, but each contributes to make up the complex meaning of the whole. Thus,

The first syllable, taken alone, constitutes a legitimate word, and has a precise meaning. In composition this meaning is retained, or, so to speak, helps to make up the meaning of the whole. But how, will some wiseacre ask, can twelve words be formed out of seven syllables without varying the order of the syllables or letters? There's the difficulty which your worship will be so kind as to explain; but I will afford some clue to aid you in your wanderings.

The first syllable is one word; the second and third are another; the first, second and third are another; the fourth is another; the second, third and fourth are another; the first, second, third and

fourth make another; the fourth, fifth and sixth make another; the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh make another; all the syllables but the first and last make another; all the syllables but the last make another; all the syllables but the first make another; and, lastly, all the syllables together make another—and the complex idea denoted by the whole, as one word, is made up of the several ideas which each part, considered as a word, signifies.

P.

PUZZLE-CAPS *for* ARITHMETICIANS.

1. HOW may five 9's be so placed that when added together the sum total may be 1000?

2. What unit (number under ten) taken four times, may be so placed as, when added, to make the product 100?

3. Take an odd number between 10 and 30, multiply it three times, first by a number between 10 and 30; secondly by two thirds of the first multiplier, and thirdly, by two thirds of the second multiplier, and let the following conditions be observed:

1. The sum of the multiplicands must be more than the sum of the multipliers, by a third of the sum of the multiplicands.

2. The product of the first multiplication must be less than three hundred, by the sum of the multipliers.

3. The product of the second multiplication must be double the sum of the multiplicands.

4. The product of the third multiplication must be to the sum of the multiplicands, as 4 to 3.

5. The sum of the products must be as much above five hundred, as ninety-four is above the sum of the multiplicands.

NOTE *on* STEPHEN CALVERT.

Mr. Editor,

A FRIEND of mine lately desired me to lay aside some very urgent business in which I was engaged, to attend to a certain *Mr. Calvert*, whom he solicited my leave to introduce to me. My attention was otherwise engaged, and I saw nothing in the character of this stranger that promised to reward me for the time bestowed upon him; but my friend was extremely importunate, and assured me that I should have no reason to repent of my compliance. He said I should be infinitely entertained with the adventures of the man, that his life abounded with surprising turns of fortune, and that he would prevail with him to tell me his story.

On this condition I consented, and the stranger was introduced accordingly. Being fairly seated by a winter-evening's fire, he began his narrative. For a time I listened to it only by snatches. There was nothing very interesting in the theme, and I thought civility required no more than to *seem* to listen; gradually, however, some little curiosity was excited. The dullest story, if we can once be persuaded to begin it, will have charms enough to induce us to continue. Our sympathy is wonderfully prone to make the cause of others our own. Whether the story-teller be Richardson, or Mother-Bunch, Shakespeare, or Esop, let us once have but fairly entered on the tale, and the inertest curiosity will not fail to exclaim at every interruption, "*what next?*"

Thus it was with me, but the unlucky rogue, as soon as he observed my eyes steadfastly fixed on him, that I no longer shifted my posture, nor coughed, nor hemmed every second minute, nor rubbed my eyes, nor

left my seat to snuff the candles; in fine, when he saw that my attention was completely engaged, he started up suddenly, without warning or apology, in the very heart of an interesting dialogue, snatched his hat from the table, and whipped out of the house. You may well believe that I was vexed at such treatment, and the more so, because I had good reason to believe that it was done at the instigation, or at least with the connivance of the one who introduced him. I was heartily disposed to forswear all intercourse with my friend, and turn him out of doors. He, however, fearful, I supposed, of consequences, made his escape at the same moment. I hereby give him notice, that he need not give himself the trouble of calling at my house, unless he brings his acquaintance along with him to apologize for his abrupt departure, and to make an end of his story. I care not how soon he may lead me to the close of it; how many incidents he drops; whether it be prolix or concise, merry, or doleful; at any rate I beseech ye now, good Mr. Calvert, *do* bring your story to an end. H.

[*The narrative of Calvert was interrupted for good reasons, with which, however, it would be absurd and impertinent to teaze the reader. The obstacles are now removed, and the tale will be resumed in the ensuing number, and punctually continued.* E.]

Adam Workman's Defence.

ADAM Workman (having first premised, that, through the reciprocity of the press, A has been substituted for B), undertakes to defend the first solution to his question.

It is evident that, if the distances of A, B, and C from the well, were equal, their proportions of 40 dollars should also be equal, each would be $\frac{40}{3}$. The share of A would increase as he approached the well, in the same ratio that the share of C would decrease by receding from it; but the share of B would remain the same; the reciprocity would therefore remain only between A and C, and stand thus:

A $14-5=9$
B $14-7=7$
C $14-9=5$

To illustrate this by a more familiar example, three neighbours, A, B, and C, found a situation for a well at two miles distant from each; they agree to pay me for digging it six guineas, or two guineas each; but, before the well was commenced, A and B moved their situations, but agreed to pay inversely in proportion to the distances they should be at from the well. A's distance was one mile, and C's distance was three miles. A, therefore, paid me, on finishing the well, three guineas; and C, one guinea: but, when I demanded two guineas from B, he said, I will only pay you one guinea and an half; for, though my distance from the well remains the same, our relative situations in respect to the well are altered by the removal of A and C. Our distances from the well are as 1, 2, and 3, and the reciprocals of one, two, and three, are 3, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 1, or thus:

A $1\times 3 = 3$
B $2\times 1\frac{1}{2} = 3$
C $3\times 1 = 3$

$6 \quad 5\frac{1}{2}$

Therefore it is clear to a demonstration, that I owe you only one guinea and an half.

Thus fools, confounded by the northern light,
Take yellow, red, or blue, or black, for white.

The distances one, two and three miles, added together, being six

miles, and the money six guineas, it is evident, that as

miles. guin. *m.* *g.* *m.* *g.* *m.* *g.*
6 : 6 :: 3 : 3 :: 2 : 2 :: 1 : 1

In the original question, each share is to be in proportion to their distances from the well; that is, as five, seven, and nine, only that he that lived the nearer, shall pay more (that is the greater proportion) than he that lived at the greater distance. If the latter part of the question is intelligible, it alludes to the distances of A and C only: now, the greater distance of A and C is nine, which is A's proportion, the lesser five must of consequence be C's proportion; but this substitution of A's proportion for C's, can no how alter the proportion of B.

ADAM WORKMAN.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

To HENRY KIRVAN.

YOU will return, Harry, to an house of sorrow. Your presence will contribute to make my solitude less painful. I would, therefore, intreat you to come back immediately: but there is something to be first settled before I can meet you with satisfaction, or even before I can permit you to return to me. I have had something on my mind to disclose, which I have brooded over occasionally ever since we parted, but which it is now absolutely necessary to mention.

You could not but be aware of the effect which some mysterious appearances in your behaviour, for a few days before you left us, were adapted to produce in me. I saw trouble in your countenance; your eyes betrayed some little reluctance to meet mine. This alone was not much. It sometimes made me thoughtful, and to harbour a kind of possibility that all was not right; but my uneasiness would have been transient, if the effect had not been aided by the deportment of my wife.

Harry! my Mary is dead—but you know it already—I must not forget my duty—I must remember what becomes a man.

You remember, on a Thursday evening, when I returned from the country, and, entering the room abruptly, found you in company with my wife. My entrance, it was plain, was unexpected to you both. It created—What shall I say?

My wife was disconcerted. She had been weeping. I never saw before traces of such deep sorrow. Never did she meet me before with marks of confusion or terror. I was thunder-struck. I was overpowered with dejection. I suspected nothing inconsistent with her integrity; but *my* entrance had alarmed her. From *me* there was something which she laboured to conceal. With *me* she strove to keep dry eyes, and to seem happy; but with you she thought herself at liberty to weep.

I could not be deaf to that secret voice which said—This terror, this concealment, this duplicity, is not due to an husband such as I have been. I upbraided her not. I could derive no comfort from upbraiding. I could not discuss the subject with her. This evidence of her want of confidence in my discernment, affection or integrity, could not be made stronger—could not be lessened by any words. She saw my distress, and her own was increased

by perceiving it. The weight that hung upon her heart was too great to be borne. On the next day, and after a night of wakeful anguish, of which I was a silent observer, began that fever which hurried her to the grave.

For a time I indulged no forebodings of her fate. I deemed it a casual indisposition, which time and the usual remedies would conquer. I was quickly undeceived. Appearances grew hourly more dreadful, and the approach of death became too visible.

It was then that the spell of silence was broken, that I opened my eyes as if I had awakened in the grave. My fears for her life swallowed up every other fear, and I sought, with a vehemence that bordered upon frenzy, to extort from her the secret of her woe.

Serenity, however, resumed its place in her heart, in proportion as she felt the certainty of death. My claims, and the claims of her infant, lost all their force in her eyes. She left us without pity or regret. She refused to confide in me the cause of her anguish; while she did not conceal from me that my devotion or my happiness was not enough to make existence desirable. She has gone, and left me the bitterest portion of the wretched. The loss of her is not all that I have to deplore. She has left me the torments of doubt: terrors which assume no fixed shape: misgivings that haunt my repose, and embitter every cup that I taste.

Part of this misery I believe it to be in your power to remove. You held secret conferences with her. I now remember them; though, at the time, void as I was of suspicion, they escaped my notice. You shared with her her tears. It was only after your admission to the house, that smothered grief, mournful thoughtfulness, were ever visible in her demeanour. There is something, something behind this veil. Henry! my brother! what did she conceal from me?

Fear not to tell me the truth. It cannot be worse than my present doubts. These doubts I must not name, I must not harbour—yet I cannot dismiss them.

Tell me, Henry, for you know; tell me, I beseech thee, what is it that has killed my wife.

ANSWER.

HOW hard is the task which you have assigned to me! In such immature, such green youth as mine, it is impossible not to err, except by forbearance. I have not the wisdom requisite to make me act safely—and yet that, perhaps, was my fatal error. In believing passiveness and concealment most suitable to my inexperienced years, I have possibly cut short the days of your Mary. A single word, a remote hint, might have set your mind upon discovery. The moment that rent the veil might have re-established her felicity and your content.

It is now too late. She is snatched away from us forever. The disclosure may now come: but whether it will enhance your misery or lessen it, I know not. Too surely it will not recall her from the grave. You shall know as much as is known to myself. You have doubts, you say; doubts indefinable and fearful. Alas! the image of your fear is unreal.

I need not dwell upon my own misfortunes, previous to my arrival on these shores. You are already sufficiently acquainted with them; and, besides, they are not necessary to the end for which I now take up the pen: but, in order to effect this purpose, I must carry you back to the period of my arrival from France. Some events, previous to my entering your house, it

is necessary to relate; but my relation shall be brief.

When I first came on shore at New-York, I had not a farthing in my pocket. Even my clothes were worn out, and my shoes would hardly stick to my feet. I knew nobody, even by name, except the captain who brought me over. He was a generous spirit; and, suspecting my destitute condition, had invited me to his house. I was obliged to accept his kindness, though sorely unwilling to receive obligations of this kind, and which I was wholly unable to repay.

He had promised to speak for me to some merchant or trader of his acquaintance, who might want the services of such a lad as I. He knew one who had been in Europe, by name Haywood; a man of wealth and of liberal temper, to whom he had confidential letters. On delivering these, he would seize the opportunity of stating my wants and my merits.

The captain was not unmindful of his promise; and, next day, brought from Haywood an invitation to his house. I went thither, and was introduced to a man, about thirty years of age, of a very noble aspect, and captivating manners. He received me with great kindness; and, mentioning the captain's representations in my behalf, desired to know in what way he could be serviceable to me. He gave a patient ear to my story, which I related with all the sensibility which such recent and horrible disasters could not but produce. I described the condition of my parents while in England—the motives that induced them to migrate to America—the capture of the vessel by a French frigate—our long and rigorous imprisonment at Brest, and its mournful consequences.

My father's melancholy, on the plunder of all his little property—all that the malice of fortune had left him, after the toils and cares of thirty years—all that could save him from nakedness and hunger in a foreign land—joined to the untimely death of his darling Jane, whom scanty and unwholesome food had contributed to destroy—and to that pestilential atmosphere which, during seven months, he was compelled to breathe—put a miserable end to his life.

My father's corpse was treated by our inhuman keepers, as my sister's had been a little while before. It was dragged, naked, from the blanket where it lay, and thrown into a hole, dug in the court-yard for the reception of those who should die in the prison.

This spectacle was too much for my mother to behold without loss of reason. With these eyes I beheld my mother frantic and desperate. I saw her tear her clothes, and her ravings still sound in my ears. With these eyes I beheld her lie down upon that hard and tattered bed whence my father had lately been dragged: I saw her lie down and expire!

Good heaven!—But I meant not to repeat this tale to you. Forgive me; you have sorrow enough of your own, and I benefit not myself by reviving these images.

This artless tale had a powerful effect upon Haywood. It made his eyes overflow with compassion, and awakened a lively interest in my welfare. He offered me accommodation in his house, and a pecuniary recompence for my assistance in keeping and arranging his accounts; and his offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted.

I lived with him four months. During this period I was a near spectator of his manners and habits. So far as I could judge, they were free from reproach, and full of dignity. Me he treated with familiarity, and almost with tenderness; and I, in my turn, was not deficient

in fidelity and gratitude. My situation made me somewhat acquainted with the state of his affairs, and afforded scope for that observation which my youth and my intellectual activity naturally prompted me to make; and yet my knowledge was vague and incomplete; consisting merely of conjecture and inference, and not the fruit of direct communication from him.

I found, or at least conjectured, that he was a native of Pennsylvania; that he had married at an early age; that he had gone, shortly after marriage, to Europe; that his wife, during his absence, had died; and this connection, in some way inauspicious, being thus dissolved, he returned to New-York, where he had not long resided when we first met.

I also discovered that he was making court to a woman of that city, young, beautiful, and possessed of many intellectual accomplishments, though without fortune. As the bearer of a note from him, I had once an opportunity of seeing this lady. Her deportment and mein fully justified the prepossessions I had formed respecting her, and I had good grounds for believing that marriage was at no great distance. At length I collected, by accident, that the bridal day was fixed.

The deportment of my friend announced his approaching felicity. Yet his joy was sedate, and occasionally mingled and chastised by some untoward, but undiscovered care. A cloud would sometimes gather on his brow at moments of loneliness, or when my occupation, though in the same apartment, left him, in some sense, alone. The cloud was transient, and I saw nothing in his destiny but serenity and brightness. Alas! the prospect was quickly obscured.

One evening, about a week prior to his nuptial day, some out-of-door engagement had occasioned me to spend much of the day abroad. I returned home late in the evening; I inquired for Mr. Haywood, but was told that he was absent. His evenings being usually devoted to his mistress, his absence created no surprise. The servant added, that a gentleman had been waiting in the drawing-room, during more than an hour, for his master's return.

Imagining that, possibly, I might answer this visitor's purposes as well as Haywood, I went into the room. There were two lights on the mantle-tree, and the stranger was walking to and fro, with an air of much impatience and anxiety. He looked up eagerly at my entrance; but seeing who it was, withdrew his eyes in seeming disappointment, and resumed his pace.

These appearances, so wholly unlike what I had been accustomed to observe in those whose visits to my patron were prompted by mere business, that I was abashed, and was discouraged from addressing him. I quietly seated myself at a writing-desk, and began, according to my custom, to enter, in a little volume that I bore about me, the transactions of the day. While thus employed, I found time to steal glances at the visitant, and accurately to note his features and gestures. They were of a kind to raise all my curiosity, and fasten all my attention. They denoted habitual passions, lofty but vehement, and thoughts, at this time, full of perturbation and impatience. Seen in a strong light, and impassioned as it then was, his countenance sunk deep into my fancy, and never shall I cease to view it with as much distinctness and vividness as when it was before me.

My fingers trembled, the pen lost its regularity, and I merely scribbled at random, as affording opportunity of viewing this scene without being noticed by him. A thousand vague terrors and surmises

crept into my heart, when I considered these impetuous but stifled feelings, as preludes to an interview with Haywood.

My mind quickly found other occupation. A step was heard in the entry, and a voice inquiring of the servant for me. The stranger checked his pace: he stood upon the hearth: he trembled, and, covering his eyes with his hands, muttered, scarcely articulately, "My God! assist me to keep down—"

Haywood entered the room, and his visitor turned quickly and approached him. My pen dropped, and I started up, involuntarily, to behold this scene. No sooner had Haywood cast his eyes upon the stranger, than they sunk to the floor. A blush of surprise, indignation, and horror, spread itself over his face. Both, for some moments, were silent; the pause seemed to rise, on the stranger's part, from the overflow of boiling passions, which choaked his utterance. At length he spoke, falteringly:

"Haywood! I have found you at last. After the pursuit of years, you are met, and I am satisfied. Walk out with me: this is no place: the means are already provided: all we want is solitude and uninterruption."

"What would you have?" said the other, hesitatingly.

"What? Can you ask? Villain, seducer, and assassin! Can you ask what? Vengeance for my sister's honour, for the blood of my friend, I demand and will have. Walk with me—all will be dispatched in twenty minutes."

"You have been to—Miss Addington," said the other.

"Ah hah!" replied the stranger, while his eyes sparkled with triumph, "I see you have already, in part, reaped the fruits of your crime. You have been with that devoted lady, whom, I thank God, I have come time enough to save from the fangs of a tyger. I have disclosed to her your past deeds, and painted your genuine character in colours which you will never efface."

Haywood's eyes flashed indignation. "I see you can be unjust in your turn. I have injured you, but did not merit *this* act of vengeance. Go before—you may lead me where you please."

Without more words, or deigning in the least to notice me, they left the room and the house together.

You will imagine with what trepidation and wonder I was inspired by a scene like this. It was unexpected and terrible. They had gone for a purpose easily divined. The interview brought about by such inveterate animosity, would not end but with the death of one of them. It was not in my power to avert the evil.

The guilt of seduction and blood rested on the head of Haywood. He had confessed the truth of the accusation, and had gone forth, perhaps, to perpetrate, or be the subject of an act which the world will excuse, though, in the eye of unprejudiced observers, nefarious and detestable.

Was it possible that such an one as Haywood had so long appeared, had been the destroyer of virgin innocence? Could he thus repel vengeance with vengeance, and not hasten, by contrition or reparation, to compensate for past misdeeds?

I was unable to go to bed. I waited in the parlour in the imperfect hope of Haywood's return. I had no curiosity which Haywood would condescend to satisfy. I had been a neglected and unthought-of witness of an interview big with tremendous consequences; but my presence would be remembered, and my agency be, in some way, necessary. I could not sleep till the event were known.

Occupied with these turbulent thoughts, two hours elapsed. At the end of this period, Haywood entered the house, and came directly to the room where I was. I darted inquisitive glances at his countenance. I saw there nothing but tokens of confusion and dismay. He appeared to be harrassed with fatigue. His cheeks were pale, his eyes haggard, and two hours had wrought a change in his appearance similar to the effect produced by a long sickness.

He was totally absorbed in reverie, and seating himself near the fire, appeared unconscious of my existence, or that of the surrounding objects. I was powerfully tempted to break the silence; but what could I say? A stripling like me, raw and unexperienced, was but ill adapted to be the monitor or counsellor on occasions like these. Besides, my advice was not required; my consolation was despised; my very existence was forgotten.

After a time he rose, and without speaking, withdrew to his chamber. After extinguishing the fires, and drawing the bolts, I followed his example. I went to my chamber, but not to sleep. My province was to ruminate on this mysterious incident, the features and deportment of the stranger, and the fearful but unknown consequences of this meeting. Miss Addington was the lady to whom Haywood was contracted. The stranger, apprised of his connection, had visited her, and wrought a breach between the lovers which no time would probably repair. Haywood doated on this lovely woman, and his love was amply returned. One disastrous event had been sufficient to turn that love into hatred and resentment, and, perhaps, to sever them forever.

These thoughts effectually excluded sleep, and I rose earlier than usual in the morning. I went into the room appropriated for writing, and my eyes instantly lighted on a pacquet, directed to me, in Mr. Haywood's hand writing, and lying on the desk. I opened it with a misgiving heart, and read these words:

"I wish you to deliver the inclosed papers to my friend Mr. H. and Miss Addington, according to their direction. They will authorize him to take possession of the property contained in my house. This arrangement is necessary, as I shall leave this city instantly, and quit America as soon as possible—never to return.

"You witnessed a strange scene last night, and have, no doubt, sagacity enough to perceive whither it tended. The consequences of that scene you will speedily know. Your candour will induce you to put the best construction on my conduct, and your gratitude and good sense will shew you the duty of concealing from the rest of mankind, both your own conjectures and the grounds on which they are built.

"I am in no mood to make this letter a confession; but, though the slave of the present impulse; though fickle, inconstant, and cowardly, I am not so wicked as one unacquainted with my motives might imagine.

"The unfortunate man whom you saw last night, once gloried in a lovely sister, the wife of his friend. Me he likewise called his friend, and, as such, presented me to her. I was an inmate of the same house. Her husband was gone upon a distant voyage. Our intercourse was frequent, familiar, and confidential. Such were the preludes to her dishonour, her infamy, and, perhaps, her death.

"Her husband's return was shortly expected; but she waited it not. A living proof of her crime was preparing to testify against her; and

her father, who lived under the same roof, had begun to suspect. She fled from the house, and, as I have this night heard, perished in obscurity and indigence.

"The husband doated on his wife, and the detection of her guilt was the signal of his destruction. He put an end to his own life. Of this dishonour, and this death, you know too much for me to desire to conceal the truth from you—I was the accursed cause.

"Such were the effects of one moment of infatuation! I had almost hushed my conscience and my fears to repose, in the belief that these effects were exhausted; but no! this night of horrors has added to the list.

"Heaven is my witness that I deeply deplored the injuries which, not my malice, not my selfishness, but the intoxications of a momentary passion had done him. I have endeavoured to compensate those wrongs by the subsequent integrity of my conduct, and looked forward to the union of happiness with duty, in the love of Miss Addington. I concealed from her my past offences, while the disclosure might have won her pity or forgiveness, but I feared to set my felicity to hazard, and postponed the confession till it was too late.

"The rage of Selwyn was not to be appeased. He turned the heart of Henrietta against me by outrageous accusations. He filled, with abhorrence and loathing, her in whose bosom I had entrusted my peace. Not content with this, he thirsted for my blood. No plea, no apology, no submission could avail, even to defer the strife of death for a single day. I did no more than comply with his bidding, and expose to the same chance, the safety of both.

"Farewell, good youth! I thank you for your faithful services. In reward for these services, and in token of my friendship, accept the inclosed bills. They will serve you till you find some profitable station.

E. HAYWOOD."

These consequences were, indeed, speedily unfolded by time. Not a day had elapsed before rumour was busy in telling of a fatal rencounter that took place in an unfrequented spot on the shore of the Hudson. It was late at night. The moonlight was remarkably brilliant, and the eye could see far and wide. Some persons walking in the road were alarmed by the report of two pistols fired nearly at the same instant. They hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and found a man stretched upon the earth, in the agonies of death. He was insensible, and died before he could be removed to a hovel to which, as the nearest shelter, they had carried him.

Proper inquiries and examinations being made, it was found that the person killed was named Selwyn; that he was a native of Portsmouth, New-Hamsphire; that he had come, a week before, from Boston; and was well known, in a small circle, as a man of probity and amiable manners. Appearances sufficiently bespoke the nature of the contest to which he owed his death; but none thought proper to communicate to the world, if any knew, the circumstances leading to this contest, and the person of the adversary. It remained a topic of conjecture and speculation, which, as usual, was fed for a time by plausible fictions, and led to many feasible, though fallacious conclusions.

Meanwhile I hastened to perform the commissions with which I had been charged. I gained access to Mr. H. He was an elderly and grave person, who received the papers with the air of one who knew their contents, and dismissed me without interrogation or comment.

I found Miss Addington alone, and seated in a melancholy posture, with a guitar in her hand. On noticing the superscription of the letter which I offered her, her eyes were filled with tears, and I marked an internal effort to regain her composure. She appeared to hesitate a moment whether to accept or refuse it; but, at length, received and put it in her bosom.

I lingered a few moments in hope of some occasion or excuse for prolonging my visit; but, though she regarded me with looks of curiosity, she betrayed no desire to converse; and, having fulfilled my charge, I was obliged silently to retire.

I was once more let loose on the world. Haywood's generosity had enabled me to be idle, for a time, without beggary. I need not recount again my adventures previous to my arrival in your city, the events which led to my acquaintance with you, and the design of becoming the pupil of your art. I was not startled by the approach of the late terrible pestilence, and cheerfully engaged to assist you in your benevolent endeavours to disarm this pest of some of its horrors. In resolving to become a physician, I had formed a sort of tacit contract to stand forth the adversary of disease, in all its forms.

When I took up my abode with you, your wife was absent. I knew her only by the picture which you had drawn, and by that evidence of her sagacity which your excellences afforded. She returned not till my own sickness began. She immediately assumed the office of my nurse. For some time I perceived merely that a good genius hovered over me in the form of a woman, but her figure was not examined. I heard her voice, and understood her requests and injunctions; but whether her accents were sweet or harsh, I was too much engrossed by my own sensations to determine.

The violence of my disease gradually abated, and I was able to observe what was passing. As often as I cast my eye upon the face of my nurse, somewhat appeared there that caused me to look again. Some intimation arose in my mind that these features had not now been seen for the first time. I reviewed the past incidents of my life. I called to memory the female faces I had met with in my own country and in this. I compared them with those of my nurse, but was able to detect no resemblance. I began, at length, to imagine that, perhaps, it had been my lot to meet with her somewhere in the city. Perhaps I had lighted on her in my rambles through the streets of this town, or had met her in some church into which I had entered. Yet that could not be. A face like that would not have flitted in my sight like any vulgar physiognomy; been glanced at, for a moment, and thought of no more.

It must not be imagined that this inquiry occupied much of my attention. It yielded place to those topics which my recent experience suggested. It occurred less frequently in her absence than her presence, and was thought upon with more or less intenseness according to the previous state of my mind. My musings upon every theme were, indeed, obscure and fluctuating, on account of my disease. I suppose I should sooner have lighted on the truth if my mind had possessed its customary energy.

One night, after the crisis of my malady had passed, I lay awake, and pursuing my thoughts with more accuracy of recollection, and more coherence than I had known since my indisposition. My eye was fixed upon a lamp on the table, whose oil was nearly exhausted, and that burnt feebly. The solemnity

and silence of the hour, the solitude around me, and especially the gleams darted from the ill supplied flame of my lamp, reminded me of what had passed in Haywood's house on the interview with Selwyn. I called up all the images which composed that scene, and traced once more the lineaments of Selwyn as they then appeared, pregnant with violent but mixed emotions; the acuteness of grief, the bitterness of hatred, and the vehemence of expectation.

No object, perhaps, ever existed so vividly in the imagination of man, as this spectacle existed, at that moment, in mine. Not a hue or a lineament was wanting in the portrait. All before me was colour and form. I thought myself restored to that apartment, and was wholly occupied in gazing on the scene. My attention was so much absorbed, that I did not notice the entrance of your wife, who softly opened the door and approached the lamp with a flask of oil in her hand. This she poured into the vessel, and the dying flame instantly revived. This sudden illumination recalled me from my dream, and I turned my eyes towards the light to discover the cause. My nurse's face was bent over it, her hands being still engaged in pouring out the liquid.

Engrossed as I was by the image of Selwyn, and scarcely conscious of the transition I had made from the ideal to the genuine object, this face being, like that, illuminated by the same reddish and dazzling beam, I was affected as if Selwyn's apparition was before me. The same cast of features was so strongly visible in both, that I doubted whether the figure tending the lamp, was not that of the dead in some new guise. I had not time to take a second view; for, her office being finished, she glided as softly and swiftly out of the room as she had entered it.

This incident arrested all my thoughts. At first, this resemblance was regarded as no more than a freak of fancy, but gradually it began to wear a more plausible appearance. I remembered the reflections that the countenance of this lady had so frequently excited, the vague but obstinate suggestion that I had somewhere met with it before, and the unsuccessful result of my inquiries. No woman that I ever met with, and whose image I was able to recal, possessed any remarkable resemblance to her.

Now, however, a similar visage was discovered; but what should I infer from this discovery? Surely it was merely casual. Human faces may exhibit resemblances, without affording any ground for concluding that any relationship exists between them. And yet, was not that conclusion hastily formed? What hindered but that some relationship subsisted between this woman and Selwyn?

This was a thought pregnant with affecting consequences. My mind incessantly brooded over it, multiplied and weighed conjectures as to the nature of this kindred, and the effects which Selwyn's disappearance had produced, and the conduct which it became me to pursue. Hitherto my lips had been sealed on the subject of these disastrous occurrences. No exigence had happened since my parting with Haywood, to extort from me disclosures of the truth; but it seemed as if my new condition might create new claims upon my caution, and new trials of my fortitude, and that it became me to demean myself with vigilance and circumspection.

Selwyn had been mentioned as having had parents and a sister. Nothing had been said precluding the conjecture that he might have

more sisters than one. She that had fallen a sacrifice to the arts of the seducer, might have left one sister, at least, to mourn over her fall—and this might be she. I was the depository of a secret momentous to her happiness. That secret now became burthensome. It was scarcely ever absent from my thoughts. My perturbations were excessive. Whenever she was present, I gazed, with unconquerable solicitude, upon her countenance. Methought I could have given half my existence to ascertain the truth, but shuddered at the foresight of the consequences which a remote hint, or vague allusion, might produce. If suspicions were awakened that her brother's destiny was known to me, I should be, probably, assailed by importunities from which I could not hope to escape.

She frequently noticed the intentness of my looks. At first they were regarded by her as tokens of dejection or pain; but this inference being earnestly denied, she betook herself to other guesses. At length she perceived that my eye followed her movements involuntarily, and that some confusion was manifested by me, when she inquired what it was that attracted my attention. I carefully evaded her questions; but, in so doing, only furnished new fuel to her curiosity.

I wanted to ascertain the truth. I was conscious that the resemblance I perceived might be merely casual; but this was outweighed by an opposite opinion: still a large portion of uncertainty always remained. Circuitous methods of arriving at the sentiments of others were new to me. I was not qualified, by habit, to employ them with skill. They involved some degree of falsehood, and from this I shrunk with strong repugnance. I felt as if my features would betray my secret intentions in spite of my will; and that to maintain a firm voice and sedate manner in conversation, which should lead to the desirable point, was impossible.

She spent many hours in my chamber, occupied with her needle or her infant, or a book which she read aloud for my amusement. No wonder that my soul melted within me, when looking at or listening to her. The conditions on which I remained in this house, the cheerful efforts that were made for my service, the unaffected benevolence of which I had been the object, made my heart glow. Added to this were the features of my nurse, her musical tones, the justness of her elocution, and her manners, expressive of boundless affection for her husband and child. When I, likewise, reflected on her similitude with Selwyn, and the calamities she had probably experienced, I was unable to restrain my tears.

Though I dared not make direct or indirect inquiries, I noticed and compared appearances. I soon observed that the equanimity of Mrs. Molesworth was not invariable. When seated near the fire in an evening, her husband being absent, her child asleep, and no light but a glimmering from coals on the hearth, and forgetful that there was any to observe her, I sometimes perceived her features assume an expression of the deepest sorrow, and the tears secretly fall. If you chanced to enter during this reverie, she would start, dress her countenance in smiles, and seem to cast behind her every mournful recollection.

When reading a book, she would stop at certain incidents or reflections, muse pensively, or sigh, and then, by a kind of effort, regain her composure, and resume her task. These reflections and incidents had always some connection with the hardships to which the loss of reputation and honour subject her sex, and therefore tended to strengthen the conjecture, that the comparison

was secretly made between her own experience and the reasonings or relations of the book.

I had never force of mind enough to lead the conversation towards the same point. Even when accident suggested topics which possessed some affinity to those images which crowded my brain, I endeavoured to change the theme. To this I was not influenced merely by remembrance of Selwyn and his sister. I could never, on these occasions, forget that I also had a near relation, whose fate was not unlike that of the being whom Haywood had destroyed, and her image I was only happy in forgetting.

This perplexity, however, was destined to give place to a greater. One evening, when my sensations were more languid and dreary than usual, and my reflections were full of anxiety and hopelessness, she offered to beguile the hour with a book. The proposal was gratefully accepted. I did not expect to derive pleasure from attention to the volume; but the attitude which she assumed when reading, and the occupation which her eyes found in the page, allowed me to gaze upon her features, and indulge the reveries of my fancy, without exciting observation. The book was a tissue of diffuse, irregular and superficial remarks upon solitude,* in which an anecdote occasionally appeared of much more value than the crude or injudicious reflections that preceded or followed it. One of these being connected with the author's character, and shewing the influence of parental folly in thwarting the affections of a child, was read with more pathos, and I listened to it with more attention than the rest.

A daughter fixed her choice on a youth who wanted no merit but that of being opulent and high-born. The father, whose hopes looked forward to the ennobling of his blood by his daughter's marriage, exacted from her the sacrifice of her choice. The sacrifice was made, and was followed by the death of the lover, by his own hand, and of the daughter, by a slow disease. This story, added to the features of the reader, which betrayed the deepest sympathy, operated on my fancy, distempered by sickness, and overfraught with images pertaining to Haywood, in a manner that I never before experienced. I uttered an exclamation of horror. My companion, dropping the book, and turning to me, anxiously inquired into the cause of my alarm. I had not time to retrieve my presence of mind, and answered, "Nothing. I thought it real; but my vision was confused. It could not be."

"Could not be!" she replied: "What? what is it you speak of?"

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"Good God! a man? Where? What? Who is he?"

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No wonder that this new discovery astonished me: that I experienced a sort of relapse of my disease, and passed a feverish night. In the morning my heat and restlessness somewhat subsided, and I was able to review the incidents of the last evening without disorder.

Here was darkness that I could not penetrate. The name of Selwyn had not been mentioned; but a brother existed, or was imagined to exist, whose presence inspired terror, and this terror there was reason to conceal from you. No words can describe the tumult of my thoughts and resolutions. I was perplexed in a maze, from which I longed, with unspeakable ardour, for deliverance; but from which the hope of extrication was denied to me. I had rashly plunged into the stream too far to recover my footing, or to withstand the torrent that would bear me away. I had shewn that I possessed knowledge which would not fail to be extorted from me; and the effects of my disclosure it was not possible to estimate.

I looked, each moment, for the entrance of your wife, but she appeared not. At length you came to my chamber; and, among other questions, I ventured to inquire into her health. She was not well, you said. She had passed a sleepless night. Something, you knew not what, had greatly disquieted her; but you hoped that to-morrow would give her back her usual health.

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But what is my ground for these surmises? Surely no supposition is more wild, than that this is the undone and degraded woman whom Haywood dishonoured, and her brother reported to be dead! If she were, who can believe that the truth is unknown to her husband? that any veil has been thick enough to hide these dreadful portions of her history from him? It is utterly incredible.

I drew temporary comfort from this reasoning; yet I looked forward, with shuddering, to the moment of our next meeting. I imagined to myself all that she would feel; and, fearless of any injury or accusation limited to myself, was plunged into the most exquisite suffering. I did not yet reason on the snbject: I did not weigh the reasonableness of her grief or her terror: I did not inquire whether past events ought to exercise an evil influence on her present thoughts: whether former errors were not compensated by present rectitude. Much less did I speculate upon the means of repairing the ills which my rash or misjudging zeal might occasion. I thought only on the pangs which the detection of former offences, by the world or by her husband, would produce.

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knowledge? It is not the sympathy and reverence of mankind that you hate, but their scorn and their obloquy. You dread the disclosure of the truth, because it will be followed by contempt, not because it will awaken a more ardent approbation of your virtue, and a stronger zeal for your welfare. The misjudging world, whose errors flow from their ignorance, might deny you its esteem; but I that know you as you are, that know by what illusions you were betrayed, that know the extent of that expiation which has been made, am bound to you by stronger ties, am more devoted to the cause of your happiness than ever."

"Ah! the reproaches of mankind affect me not but as their truth is acknowledged by my conscience. My heart is my accuser, and tells me that there is no punishment too great for my transgression. I have an husband whose peace depends upon his ignorance of my guilt. That ignorance has subsisted at the mercy of a thousand chances. That it has been prolonged till now, is only a subject of wonder; but the hour that reveals it to him, will be the last of his joys—perhaps the last of his life." Here she again relapsed into sorrow, too violent to permit her either to speak or to listen.

At first, my despondency was scarcely less than her own, but at length I began to question the certainty of that consequence which she dreaded. The first burst of this knowledge on your mind, might be expected to overwhelm all courage, and prostrate all hope, but surely this was a calamity not beyond the reach of a cure. He that could upbraid and detest this woman, must be void of humanity. Most of all must her husband have abjured his understanding. He who so thoroughly knew the excellence of her heart, the purity of her present deportment, the untaintedness of her fidelity to him, the depth and variety of that anguish which her errors had produced, and which made her ten-fold more exempt from the possibility of falling from her duty, than if she had never fallen: what sentiments but pity, forgiveness, and augmented tenderness, could find their way to his heart?

When her grief could find words, she dwelt upon the loss of your esteem as the fate that awaited her. The censures of the world were terrible. The miseries which she had entailed upon her father and brother, were ever fresh in her remembrance; but these were not the last of evils. The bitterest of all calamities was yet to come. Her husband's happiness and life were to be reserved for the last victims. Till these were offered, she was not an outcast of hope; forlorn and irretrievably wretched; but too surely these would be offered.

I endeavoured to combat these fears. I dwelt upon the equanimity of your character. I dwelt upon her claims to your compassion and love; claims that the scorn of mankind, the loss of parents, and brother, and friends, could only tend to enhance. That you should be blind to her excellence, insensible to the influence of compunction and amendment to atone for past errors; that these errors would be otherwise regarded than as the illusions of a powerful, but misguided understanding; of a heart betrayed by the mask of virtue, and by stratagems which owed their success to the confidence which is bred in us by ignorance of mankind, and freedom from suspicion, was impossible.

"Ah! my friend, you are deceived. I know him better than any other knows him. Think not that slight obstacles would have protracted my concealment till now.

Think you that I have not weighed well the motives of my conduct, and that the miserable alternative of secrecy was adopted upon insufficient grounds? No. I was not so insensible of the hazards that beset me. I was not so blind to the duties of my condition."

I still, however, insisted upon the rectitude of a frank deportment; on the placability of your nature; on the hazard that eternally hung over you of hearing the truth, but mangled by rumour, or distorted by malice; on the wisdom of performing a deed which could not be prevented, though it might be delayed, and of exhausting its effects as speedily as possible.

"I comprehend your distress," continued I; "you dread that the tale you shall tell will be incoherent and imperfect, even from your lips. Your emotions will confuse your thoughts, and embarrass your utterance. This ought not to be, but it cannot be cured by conviction, and you therefore are unqualified to be an advocate in such a cause. Such are not my disqualifications. I am not born to shrink from any province, to falter and recoil from any task which justice and necessity prescribe. Assign to me the duty of contending with the grief and despair of your husband. Let me be the wall between his wrath and your offences. I will convey the horrid truth to his ears; I will urge your claims to the continuance of his love and his esteem, in terms which he cannot resist; I will cling to his knees; I will wrest from him the weapon which he aims at his own life, or at yours; I will root out his sorrow, and bring him to your feet, to pour out his forgiveness and renew his vows of eternal affection."

At these words she started on her feet. "Good Heaven! whither would you carry me? To ruin? I charge you, by all the kindness I have shewn to you, to hold your peace: promise me eternal silence upon this head, or I die at your feet; I rid myself, by my own hand, of life and all the evils which it has entailed upon my head. I know the guilt of self murder: I know what I shall leave behind to my unhappy child, and what I shall meet in the state into which I shall pass; but no matter, plight to me your faith that you will not disclose my shame to any human being, or this night shall be the last of my life."

I was terrified by the distraction of her looks and manner, and gave the promise she demanded. Without your consent," said I, "I will impart nothing." She compelled me to repeat these words, and even to swear that my silence should never be broken.

Her tumults being somewhat hushed by this assurance, she relapsed into complaint of the cruelty of her fate. I listened to those effusions of her sorrow, because I hoped that the very act of pouring her distress into the ears of a friend, would gradually alleviate it. This was a privilege which hitherto she had never known. Communication and sympathy are, perhaps, the only sources of relief to a mind sorely charged. Grief owes its sting to the conviction of our own guilt, and the notion that the world is not only unanimous, but just, in its condemnation. The removal of this error is the revival of hope; but as long as our woes are not partaken, and our self-accusations not confuted by another, the error is inveterate and fatal.

I could not fail to express my wonder at her present situation. I mentioned my belief of her death, of the same belief adopted by her family and Haywood, and asked why she consented to marriage on conditions so precarious as those of the obscurity of her past life. How

could her husband's curiosity have been eluded or defeated as to her true condition?

"I will hide from you nothing; my story will enable you to estimate the degree of my guilt, and my penitence. It will make easy your adherence to the oath that you have taken, by shewing you the necessity of concealment.

"I know not how far your knowledge of my early life extends. You talk to me of my father and my brother; you know that I have been betrayed. O! how little is known to you! If you knew all, you would not weep with me; you would not talk to me in soothing accents; you would view me with abhorrence; you would deny my claim to be treated as an human being. No, I have undertaken an impossible thing; I cannot, I must not tell all.

"Perhaps," said I emphatically, "you underrate my knowledge."

She looked at me wistfully, and with a countenance of terror. "O! no; what I did is known to no human being but myself. Your eye would scoul at me instead of pitying; you would rush from a house polluted by the residence of such———

"Pity for a wretch like me, would argue the capacity of perpetrating equal horrors. It would make you as detestable as I am in my own eyes. Cannot you think? Paint to yourself—a wife and a mother——."

Here her utterance was suffocated by sobs. At length, recovering from her anguish, she resumed:

"The days of my childhood were serene. I knew no vicissitude but from pleasure to pleasure. A sportive prattler they called me, who was never at peace. O that some mortal disease had snatched me from life at that happy age! That such as I then seemed, was reserved for the miseries that have since been my lot! Till my mother's death, when I was ten years old, I was unacquainted with sorrow; but even then, the traces of my tears quickly vanished, and the tide of joyous sensations re-visited my heart.

"I loved my brother—it is impossible to say how much. He was older than I, my preceptor and friend. He accompanied me in all my walks—he read, he talked to me. His purpose was to fit me for performing a useful part in the world, to inspire me with liberal curiosity, to make me rational beyond the common reach of my sex.

"He doated on his sister: he took no pride in any thing more than in the proofs of my advancement. I have seen his eyes glisten on hearing my eulogy pronounced by those whose suffrage was of value. 'Why, yes,' he would say, when listening to my praise, and with a smile of ineffable complacency, 'Mary, I must own, is a good girl.'

"O my brother! thou art dead, and, no doubt, I am in some mysterious way, the author of thy fate. Such has been the fruit of thy instructions!

"Time moved on smoothly till I was eighteen years of age. Every day added to my stores of knowledge, and to my brother's affection. My social sympathies were active. I had numerous friends of my own sex. I was the idol of my father as well as of my brother. He was a good old man, guileless as infancy, prone to confidence and love, and wrapping his existence in the welfare of his children!

"At that age, a cousin of my father's, a youth for whom he had performed the duties of a guardian, who had been some years in Europe in pursuit of medical knowledge, returned to Portsmouth. My father's house was his home. He had been brought up with me and my brother, and our affection for him was equal

in degree and in kind. I knew him only as a brother, and treated him as such.

"Alas! would to heaven I had been to him no other than the object of fraternal regards. He loved me, but was unable to awaken, in my bosom, the same sentiment. He tendered his love; and God is my witness with what heart-felt grief I heard his confessions. My feelings were incompatable with his. There was no doubt as to their nature or duration. That they would not change, that I could never be his wife without a forfeiture of happiness, was my entire and immoveable conviction.

"He entertained a different opinion. He confided in the influence of time and assiduities to win my heart. Knowing me to be unprepossessed, he trusted to that his ultimate success. It was in vain to assure him of my own belief; to assert the privilege of knowing myself better than another could know me; and to supplicate his forbearance. Love, he said, was the growth of esteem and gratitude. It was akin to pity; and these sentiments, he knew, existed in my heart; and would, finally, give place to love. Not contented with his own efforts, he called to his aid those of my brother.

"I was accustomed to make my brother's judgment the criterion of my actions. I modelled myself by no consideration but that of securing his esteem. I hoped that he would see the reasonableness of my conduct, and assist me in contending with the headlong passions of my lover; but I was deceived. For the first time my conduct excited his regret, and he censured me for folly and caprice.

"No words can describe my mortification and dismay. I was heart-broken by his reproaches, and prone to doubt of the clearest evidence when in opposition to his verdict. That I ought to love him whom my brother deemed worthy of my love, had been fostered as the most incontestible of truths. In my juvenile reveries, I had frequently looked forward to wedlock, but it recurred to my thoughts merely as enabling me to reduce my brother's precepts to practice, and affording the opportunity of proving my docility and gratitude. I could not deny the intellectual and moral excellence of *Colmer*: that love should have no other basis than esteem, was the sum of my creed as well as of his; but such was the perverseness of my heart, the depravity of my imagination, that while the claims of Colmer were seen to be just, my aversion to admit them was invincible.

"I was the prey of the most acute anguish. I felt that to be rejected and despised by my brother, was an evil not to be endured; I felt that I deserved his contempt; but still my indifference would not forsake me; and, what was worse, the conviction would not be suspended or outrooted that this indifference would continue for ever.

"Finding me refractory in this respect, my brother urged me to accept his friend, notwithstanding my indifference. He pleaded the merits of that friend, the fervour of his passion, the benefits to mankind and his family flowing from Colmer's talents, provided they were not blasted in the bud. At present, his activity was at an end, his life itself was endangered by his disappointment. A wasting disease had already begun its progress in his frame. His mother and his sisters beheld this progress, which was to bereave them of protection and subsistence; they knew to whom it was ascribable. His mother was a second parent to me, his sisters were my friends. Their tears, their silence, their frantic apprehensions upbraided my cruelty. Still, such

was my deep aversion to marriage void of love, that I hesitated; I wept, indeed; the pleasures of existence became tasteless and wearisome; I desired to die, but my intractable soul refused to make the sacrifice that was demanded, till Colmer was reduced to a sick bed; till my brother vowed eternal resentment on my incompliance: with tears, with forebodings, with heartbursting sighs, I decked myself in bridal ornaments, and purchased the peace of others at the price of my own.

"I found some consolation in witnessing the joy which my acquiescence diffused. I studied to conform my wishes to necessity, and, if happiness were beyond my reach, at least to secure content. My husband's health made it useful to make a voyage to sea, and try the influences of a tropical winter. My brother, shortly after my nuptials, embarked for Europe. He returned in company with one, who took up his abode in my father's house.

"The stranger was made an object of kindness and attention. To this, not only his general merits seemed to entitle him, but a pensive reserve, a musefulness, that studied to screen itself from observation, and bespoke some latent sorrow, enhanced his title to compassion and respect. I delighted in making others happy. My sympathy was particularly active for this man. I noted him in all his wandering; thought and spoke of him when absent, and pondered on the best means of diverting his dejection. I tried to engage him in discourse. I proposed employments and excursions whose tendency was to amuse. When he smiled, when his zeal engaged him in earnest talk, when he manifested satisfaction at the prospect of a visit, or declared himself pleased after an excursion, I congratulated myself on the success of my efforts, and acquired resolution to persist in them.

"My anxiety on his account, was at length observed by him. It seemed to produce gratitude; and his respect for me, his deference for my capacity, his attachment to my company became more visible. He dwelt in the same house, and my brother was set out on a new voyage. Hence his attendance on me, in my walks and visits, was more frequent, as well as our unwitnessed interviews at home.

"Much of his time was spent in reading. His books were generally such as suited my taste. They abounded with instruction, from which I continually acquired new light, and our mutual circumstances allowed him to rehearse them to me. His utterance was in the highest degree proper and emphatic, and conferred new energies and graces on all that he read. I listened and found no satiety. I regretted when the book was finished, and intreated him to begin again. If the sentiments and language were sufficiently imprinted on my memory, his tones and looks, while thus employed, afforded a new and exquisite gratification. His absence left me in languor and impatience: the topics of our conversation were renewed. I mused on all that he had said or done during our latest interview, and alleviated the anguish of reflecting that they were past, by looking forward to the meeting of to-morrow.

"In this state of things it was impossible that proofs of confidence should not be mutually exchanged. I dwelt upon all the incidents of my life with candour and minuteness. I explained the state of my feelings with regard to my brother and my husband. I avowed my approbation of what I had done. I had chosen, among many evils, the least; and my choice had given me, not indeed felicity, but content.

"He praised the rectitude of my conduct, dwelt upon the value of sacrifices made to duty, upon the selfishness and infatuation of what is called love, upon the sufficiency of mere intellectual intercourse to impart all the benefit and pleasure which a rational being can know.

"There were many points on which I had meditated with some care, and on which I had formed opinions for myself. I was highly pleased to discover a conformity in these respects between my friend and me. With the rest of the world I disagreed, and this disagreement precluded an entire union of affections between me and any of my ancient friends. While pondering upon these topics, I acquired the utmost fervour of conviction, and I glowed with the love of that excellence which my reason investigated and acknowledged; but when I looked upon mankind, I saw none who reasoned and decided like myself. Hence dissatisfaction crept into my heart. A sort of uneasiness arose, coupled with doubt of the truth of opinions, which so many whose impartiality and penetration, in general, were great, had rejected. I felt as if nothing was wanting to certainty but the concurrence of one whose judgment I respected. The approbation of the whole world, or of a great number, I could dispense with, provided the sympathy and co-decision of one were granted me.

"I had inferred, from my uniform experience, that it was vain to search for an human being whose taste and opinions were like mine, but now this similitude was found in as absolute a degree as I was able to conceive. I cannot describe my emotions upon this discovery. For the first time in my life I tasted happiness. My being seemed to be newly fashioned, my soul to imbibe a double portion of intelligence. Instead of barren content I found myself reserved for rapture. The *friend* who had hitherto existed a creature of my reveries and wishes, was embodied, brought to me by some auspicious fate, from a distance, and placed within the sphere of mutual knowledge and attraction.

"There was nothing in my situation to damp my enjoyments. I was conscious of no criminal or wayward thought. My heart was satisfied because it was full. My actual engagements were recalled to memory with the same emotions as formerly; or, rather, I had reason to regard them with more complacency. The void in my bosom I had formerly imagined could only be filled by love, but now was my mistake rectified. To think of our guest as the lover or husband of another, gave me no anxiety. To think that a bar existed by which a closer union between us was rendered impossible, excited no regret. The existence of a passion, purified from the impulses of sense, I conceived to be now verified by my own experience.

"The apprehensions of different sentiments in my friend were removed. He loved, but the object of his passion was dead. This love continued, and would never subside, would never give place to a new devotion, would never absolve him from a vow of eternal celibacy. He was contented with the enjoyments of friendship. In me he discovered properties more similar to his own than in any being but her whom death had severed from him. He rejoiced that my hand was possessed by another, because this circumstance precluded all misconstructions: it added still more strength to the motives which forbade him to regard me in any light but that of a rational being, whose feelings of attachment or aversion were uninfluenced by sex.

"My husband's character was distinguished by probity and knowledge. Conscious of my purity, recollecting the conditions of our union, and determined to make him the witness and arbiter of all my sentiments and actions, I dreaded not any evil to him, or any impediment to my intercourse with Haywood from his notions of decorum or right.

"Thus did the hours pass. Haywood's gloom vanished, or it revisited him only in moments of solitude. He became sprightly in demeanour, and fluent in discourse. All the powers of his mind seemed to expand as under a more genial temperature. He did not scruple to ascribe this propitious change to my influence, and hence I derived new topics of congratulation.

"This serenity lasted not long. Gradually, my friend contracted an air of pensiveness and discontent, but he was as much devoted to my company as ever. He was no less unreserved in his communications. He was equally attentive to the injunctions of decorum. In moments of the most unbounded confidence and sacred seclusion, he never treated me but with personal respect, and invariable sedateness of manners. Indeed, I will confess, that, in this respect, he was more austere than my reason or my inclination required. I asked no more reserve from him than was practised by my brother, or my female friends, and I saw no reason why I should be satisfied with less. If our emotions with regard to each other were precisely the same, why should particular restraints be adopted?

Hence, indeed, arose the first interruption to my quiet. Comparing his deportment with that which my own heart prompted, and of those whose sex or affinity took away all doubt as to the nature of their love, I perceived an unacceptable difference. I imputed this difference to coldness. This imputation he repelled by new ardour of professions, by appealing to the hours which he spent in my society, and to the proofs of confidence which his behaviour continually afforded. Methought the inference was irresistable, and yet, while my understanding was convinced, my heart doubted.

"Infatuated girl! How lightly didst thou tread upon the brink of perdition! How ingenious wast thou in entangling thyself and thy friend in inextricable ruin! I looked into my own heart, but saw nothing to condemn. Not a spot adhered to my integrity. I was conscious of no evil. I was trained in no school of duplicity and stratagem. The consciousness of rectitude I thought would bear me up against the censures of the world, but sentiments so blameless as mine would forever shield me from that censure.

"I am almost ashamed to confess the urgency with which I sought those tokens of tenderness which were adapted to precipitate his ruin. In my guileless apprehension, they could not be bestowed too liberally. To withhold them was a proof of the want of affection, or argued an affection that was not legitimate; that annexed more importance to this privilege than it merited, and that was conscious of improper tendencies. I could not acquiesce in any other conclusion.

"Instead, however, of complying with my wishes, in this respect, he became more pensive and museful. He talked less during our interviews; these interviews were shorter and less frequent. His bloom and his health rapidly decayed. He immured himself for days in his chamber, and admitted my visits not without objections and reluctance. I urged him to explain the cause of this change. For a time,

he obstinately denied the reality of any change in his health, and ascribed the revolution in his manners to caprice, to chance, to some cause beyond his power and inclination to explain.

"When his indisposition had made such progress as to make it no longer questionable, he denied admittance to a physician. He was sensible of no pain. His joints were feeble, and his frame emaciated, but all his functions were regular. He ate sparingly, and slept as usual. His thoughts were mournful and dejected; but he could not explain the cause that made his thoughts run in one channel more than another.

"His generous artifice was, for a time, successful; but in the agony of my fears, on his account—in my incessant meditations on the cause of this evil, I could not fail of lighting, at length, upon the true conjecture. It was too dreadful not to make me eager to banish suspense, and ascertain the truth. I besought an interview, and explained to him my fears. He strove in vain to hide his secret from my scrutiny, to elude my interrogations, or repulse my entreaties. He was the prey of an hopeless passion, of which my malignant destiny had made me the object.

"This detection opened my eyes to the horrors that environed me. I beheld a youth of unrivalled excellence, tarnished, and withered, and hurried to the grave, by a malady to which my temerity and infatuation had given birth, but to which I was utterly disabled from administering a cure. I was bound to another by inviolable obligations. The place which nature and reason had intended for Haywood was pre-occupied by another. He was sinking before my eyes, but the hand that might have snatched him from the billows was constrained by bonds which no human force could break.

"It was never to be shut from my mind, that my fatal enchantments had seduced him into this snare. I had designed no evil, was wholly unaware of any hurtful tendency in the conduct which I had pursued; but this persuasion availed nothing to rescue me from terror, or blunt my remorse. Now that the effect was produced, I regarded, with profound astonishment, the blindness that had so long been inattentive to its approach. The tokens of the truth were now remembered or imagined to have been incessant and palpable. My own efforts were now seen to have had no tendency but to infuse this venom. I had sported in the flowery path, though every step was beset with adders; and my senses were recalled from their trance, not till my progress was irrevocable, and to turn back was no longer in my power.

"I accused myself to Haywood. I poured forth floods of tears, and vowed not to survive him. To this self-upbraiding and despair, he always roused himself to the most tender and pathetic opposition. He absolved me from all censure, and imputed his calamity to his own perverse fate—to his incaution and folly. It was his province to have supplied the want of foresight in me; to have fled from the danger when its first approaches were descried: whereas, he had lingered till flight was impossible or useless.

"He was the most guilty and unfortunate of human beings. He had lived in defiance and contempt of his duty; had trampled on the claims of gratitude and service, which his friends, his country, and mankind had urged upon him. Indolence had eaten away the root of every virtue, subjected him to poverty and ignominy in his native country, and had accompanied him to his new

abode. In vain had he struggled to shake off its chains: for every struggle, by being unsuccessful, had only added to their number and force.

"It was time to die. Longer life would only multiply his crimes, and aggravate his infamy. Life was, indeed, only to be purchased by conditions which would make the burthen of existence intolerable; which would heap calamity on all those whom he had most reason to love, and chiefly on me, whom he deemed the purest and most excellent of human creatures, and for the sake of whose peace he would cheerfully die a thousand deaths.

"It was vain for me to importune or mourn. No efforts of mine would postpone the inevitable hour: and, instead of desiring its postponement, I ought to exult in its swift approach. My peace and honour were in hazard: his death alone would purchase their safety; and, to purchase it, he hastened to death with more alacrity than bridegroom ever hastened to the arms of his bride.

"Such was the usual strain of his discourse, to which I listened with heart-breaking anguish. I believed that I knew this man. I knew him to be inslaved by a thousand errors; but these errors were the growth of an unhappy education: they were productive of incessant compunction: there was a species of discipline efficacious to his cure; and I had fondly hoped, that heaven had appointed me the minister of this cure. I knew his virtues as well as his faults, and perceived them to transcend, by far, the elevation of any of those whom I had previously known—to be such as fitted him for the instructor and delighter of mankind. Should such an one perish, in the bloom of his age, and I remain, to whom alone his disastrous and premature fate was to be imputed?

"My heart was rent; my tears flowed without remission; solitude and darkness, my chamber and the night were witnesses of my agony; the conflict of arguments, and fears, and hopes; the eternal warfare of those principles which forbad me, on the one hand, to destroy Haywood and myself;—for our fates were not to be dissevered; the same hour should witness both our deaths, and the same grave open to receive us:—or, on the other, to blast the felicity of Colmer; to overwhelm my father and brother with horror and grief; to bring upon myself eternal obloquy, the loss of reputation, the tears of my friends, and the scoffs of the world. Such was the terrible, yet unavoidable alternative. Such was the fruit of my brother's well-meant cruelty—of the obstinate devotion of my husband—of the incurable infatuation of Haywood—of the irrevocable decree which made me the wife, which consecrated my person and affection to one to whom I was indifferent.

"That was my first crime. To have yielded my hand, contrary to all the dictates of my heart; to vow eternal affection where none was felt; to devote my thoughts and services to one for whom I felt no sympathy; who claimed, indeed, my reverence for the probity of his intentions, and the depth of his capacity, and the amplitude of his knowledge; but whose heart answered not to the pulsations of this heart, whose conceptions of the beautiful and the just were invincibly repugnant, whose employments and amusements were void of all resemblance to mine. That was my offence, from which every subsequent calamity has flown; which has cut me off from all activity and usefulness; which has made me the assassin of Haywood, and my own murderer. O, my brother! to thee am I indebted for that guilt. Into

whatever gulph of death, or infamy, or poverty, my desperate footsteps may bear me, at thy door shall I lay the charge of being my destroyer; on thy conscience will the guilt of my blood rest.

"O! how blest are they whose conduct is exempt from parental or fraternal dominion; who are suffered to consult the dictates of their reason, and are not driven, by imperious duties, to the sacrifice of independence, the abjuration of liberty, and the death of honour!

"But to look back, to deplore the irremediable past, will avail me nothing. The toils are closed upon me: my dungeon is completed, and escape is only possible by two avenues; both lead into the midst of horrors and perils; either is abundant in evil, and I am terrified to madness by the consequences that will follow each; but the choice must be made. The ruin of my father's peace, of my brother's hopes, of my husband's happiness; the loss of fame and of friendship; exile from my father's house, are the evils which my spirit must endure, if the life of Haywood deserves to be saved; and these evils I will courageously encounter, and cheerfully sustain, for his sake.

"Such was the dreadful result of many days and nights of meditation. My resolution being formed, I hastened to impart it to my friend. He listened with a faint smile. 'Heroic woman,' said he, 'how thou over-ratest the deservings of the wretch before thee! Thou wouldst fly with him from this scene! Thou wouldst loose thy hold on all that is dear to the heart of woman for his sake! Thou wouldst entrust thy happiness to his spontaneous fidelity! Thou wouldst share with him his nakedness, his famine, his obscurity! Alas! inconstant, cowardly, and feeble as I am, there are limits which I cannot overstep. No, remain in the bosom of thy father, thy brother, and thy husband. Cherish thy untainted honour, and thy devoted friends. To accept thy offer is no matter of desire; to refuse it is no cause of hesitation. I have gathered up all my wishes and views, and concentered them in a speedy and quiet death.'

"I urged my proposal anew. I combated his scruples with entreaties and arguments; but all were ineffectual. His aversion to a scheme by which I should produce such extensive mischiefs to those whom my duty taught me to love, and mischiefs to myself which no incidental good could out-balance, was not to be subdued.

"One alternative remained. My continuance in my present condition, my father's approbation, my brother's love, my husband's reverence, my own good name, were not already forfeited. I was adored by Haywood: I loved the proofs of his affection and his confidence, which he delighted to bestow. To watch his features, to be greeted by his smiles, to study the improvement of his understanding and his fortune, was all that my heart, formed for sympathy and tenderness, required. Of these I was not ashamed. They were incompatible with no conjugal duty. I avowed and exulted in my wishes, and none surely would calumniate or censure them. If they did, calumny and censure, by being unmerited, affected me not.

"But this, alas! was not sufficient. My friend languished, and perished. He was consumed by unsatisfied desires. Not contented with the homage of my understanding and my heart, he sought for that, the gift of which, if known, would blot my name, awaken enmity in all that loved me, and bring down inexpiable vengeance on the head of my seducer.

Let me not repeat the sophistries

—exhibit again the illusions which bewildered me—which did not beget opinion, or terminate in belief; which did not successfully contend with all the impressions of my education; which did not hinder me from shuddering at the name of adultress; which did not blind me to the hazards and consequences of detection; make me callous to the stings of self-reproof; hide from me the deformities and hatefulness of falsehood;—prolific of terror, involving in its train a thousand stratagems, humiliations and iniquities, and sure, at last, to be unmasked; counteracted; baffled; punished.

"No! while I tumultuously reflected on the wrongs that I had suffered from my brother's cruelty and my husband's pertinaciousness; while I sought to load them with the guilt of every deviation from rectitude to which their fatal obstinacy had given birth; while I laboured to extenuate the crime, and exaggerate the ease of concealment; to reduce to nothing the moral tendencies, and intrinsical importance, of the gift that was exacted from me; and assiduously to meditate the benefits resulting from dishonour, I came no nearer to decision. My irresolution forsook me not. The reluctances that barred up my passage afforded not a momentary token of yielding.

"No reasonings and no fears could annihilate the woman in my breast; out-root from my constitution the materials of duty, the laws of my sex, the instinct of decorum, the powers and habits which recoiled, with mechanical necessity, from the part of solicitress, to any but *mental* intercourse. Yet such was the part which my fate had assigned me. Haywood was only to be won to existence and happiness by supplication from me!

"I had brought myself to offer him my company in flight and exile, but this had been rejected. I could endure every consequence of separation from my family, but not the making the inmate of their bosom and partaker of their confidence, a liar and dissembler; the eternal weaver of frauds; dressing her countenance in deceitful smiles; lavishing caresses on the man she betrayed; and practising tricks and subterfuges to gain, or prolong, or conceal her interviews with another. To this, no impulse of passion, no cogency of eloquence, could gain my assent.

"Alas! my fate was determined not in the moment of exertion, but of slumber. My reason, weary of its fruitless efforts and contests, had yielded place to an interval of precious and rare repose. The apartment was darkened by curtains, that the heat, as well as light, might be excluded. I had parted with my friend in expectation of taking a short journey; but my time of setting out being by some accident postponed, I withdrew to my chamber, and threw myself upon a sofa to indulge my wonted reveries. In this situation sleep stole upon my senses.

"Meanwhile, Haywood, seizing the opportunity of my absence, resolved to end my conflicts and his own, by withdrawing from the house and the country. He wrote a letter containing the reasons of his conduct and his last adieus. This he designed to leave upon my toilet; and, for that end, came softly to my chamber, which he reasonably imagined to be vacant.

"That was the crisis of my fate. I must not dwell upon the tumults of surprise in my own heart; the tremours that, in spite of virtue, disabled me from flying or resisting; that lulled my reason, and that of my betrayer, into an oblivion long enough to put our mutual destruction beyond the reach of prevention or recal. I must not dwell upon the remorses and humiliations that

ensued. To what end would they serve?

"I am not anxious to extenuate my guilt or aggravate my calamity, by recalling the detestable series of sensations that followed. That event, on which I did not reflect till the reflection was too late to save me, came at length to open my eyes. Add to this, intelligence that Haywood was already married, and had a wife alive, and preparing to come to New-Hampshire and claim her privileges. My brother and my husband were likewise expected to return.

"To dwell upon my flight from my father's house, the agony attending the untimely birth of my offspring, the indigence and dangers I encountered in my banishment from home, and my intercourse with strangers, my obscure abode in Ridgefield, a remote village in Connecticut, where I owed my subsistence to my labour, my reputation to my change of name and the ignorance of my neighbours respecting my true condition; to recount the watchful nights devoted to remembrance of my infantile and youthful days, the images of my associates and friends, of my brother, my venerable parent, and my unfortunate husband; to terrible conjectures as to the consequences of my disappearance, and keen regrets for the fate that prolonged my life only to accumulate my despair: to detain you by so long and so mournful a narration, would be useless.

"That grief is of no enormous kind which permits the sufferer to live, which does not prompt him to seek the quiet which the grave will bestow. This refuge, the affection of my neighbours denied me. After some time, by means needless to be mentioned now, I gained a knowledge of the effect which the detection of my guilt and my flight produced on my family. I will not paint the scene. Your hairs would uprise, and my heart would bleed to death in attempting the recital. The news dissipated, in a moment, that torpor into which months of repose and security, of ignorance and solitude, had plunged me. I rushed to the river's brink, and endeavoured to extinguish my woes with my being.

"My purpose was suspected, my track was pursued, my breathless corpse was dragged from the river time enough to be restored to life. The disappointment of my purpose made me moody and sullen. They guarded me, in the belief that I was a lunatic; and a second attempt to perish, by strangling myself with a cord, was, in like manner, frustrated by those whose unbought benevolence made them watchful of my conduct.

"Two years passed away in a gloomy reverie. Joy was flown from my heart, smiles from my lips. I lost the desire of society; the power of speech was grown difficult by disuse. While I lived, I procured subsistence by my needle; but this was my whole employment. When the edge of bitter remembrance was somewhat blunted, I admitted, sparingly, the consolations of society and books. The dejection and dreariness of my thoughts were insensibly alleviated, and existence ceased to be a burthen, of which I was impatient.

"In this state of things he who is now my husband came to the village as a visitant. He sought my obscure dwelling, introduced himself to my acquaintance, offered me his books, solicited permission to attend me in my walks, to sit with me while busy with my needle, to amuse my toil by rehearsing the poets and historians with whom he was familiar.

"I was become habituated to solitude and musing, and underwent a sort of violence in yielding to his

wishes. My acquiescence was difficult, ungracious and slow. I immured myself in my chamber, and refused to be seen when he called at my lodgings; I walked out at different hours from those to which I had been used, and deviated from my customary tracks, in order to avoid meeting with him.

"He was not disheartened by my coldness and reserve; and, at length, I began to rebuke myself for ingratitude and incivility, and no longer raised impediments to our intercourse. Shortly I began to derive pleasure from his visits. When they were intermitted, I felt some degree of dejection and impatience; and his discourse awakened a cheerfulness to which I had, during several years, been a stranger. While rehearsing the strains of the dramatist and poet, the memory of similar scenes, in which Haywood had been an actor, was revived, and called forth tears not unpleasurable.

"This man was, indeed, widely different, in character and person, from Haywood. I need not mention to you, who know him, his noble and expressive features, his eye beaming with benevolence and vivacity, his refinement of taste and variety of knowledge. His deportment was tender and pathetic, but was untinctured by that impatience and moroseness which flow from compunctious recollections and unsatisfied wishes. He pursued no sinister ends, treasured up no illicit wishes, and contemplated no consequence but the cheering of my hours, and the promotion of my happiness.

"He was a native of Ridgefield. His parents and sisters resided there. I knew them well, and had been the object of their sympathy and kindness. His youthful deportment, his education, and his character, had often been the subjects of their talk, and of that of others, with whom I conversed. There was nothing but gracefulness and beauty in their portraits, nor were the expectations which they had taught me to form at all disappointed or confuted by my own observation.

"It was impossible to withhold complacency and gratitude from this man. That I should be the object of his disinterested kindness was a motive for self-approbation. I sometimes reflected on the happiness that might have been obtained by me, if such an one as this had been allotted to me instead of Colmer or Haywood. This reflection drew deep sighs from my heart; and that which, at first, had imparted pleasure, now augmented the sense of my forlornness.

"Conjugal sympathies and duties—the union of hearts, and opinions, and efforts—the smile of offspring—the gratulation of friends—the esteem of the world—were goods of which I was irretrievably bereft; but, till I knew Molesworth, was less acutely sensible of their value, and deplored, with less violence of passion, their loss.

"His visit lasted some months. He then returned to this city, where he proposed to settle as a physician. He solicited my correspondence, which I had no reason to decline. Our intercourse, in this way, was frequent, and unfolded new excellencies in my friend. He confided to me his schemes of benevolence and fortune without reserve, and addressed himself to me as to one whose integrity was worthy of implicit reliance, and whose council might enable him to shun the pits and quicksands to which his safety was exposed in the midst of a luxurious city.

"On my own adventures I observed a profound and timorous silence. Though conscious how little my genuine character deserved his respect, yet I valued it too much to forego it by a voluntary

act. I was ingenious in inventing apologies for my concealment; but they, doubtless, originated in my cowardice. I was loath to relinquish my present abode, which habit had endeared to me, in which the means of subsistence had now become regular and permanent, and where I was, at least, exempt from the mortifications of neglect and contumely. To disclose the truth to Molesworth would, I imagined, instantly convert his esteem into abhorrence and contempt: he would hasten to unfold my infamy to his sisters and friends. I should be cast from their exasperated bosoms—driven from my sweet asylum—and compelled, once more, to encounter the vicissitudes and dangers attendant on the search of a new abode. These were evils, at the thought of which I shuddered, and to which my fortitude was wholly unequal.

"After a year's absence, Molesworth returned. Weary of the turbulence and vices of the city, and disappointed in the hopes which he had formed of professional employment, he resolved to take up his abode in his native town. Our ancient intercourse was renewed with more complacency and frequency than ever. At length he proposed himself to me as a lover.

"This proposal produced the most violent and ambiguous emotions. My penetration had slept till the moment of disclosure, when I opened my eyes as from a trance, and was overpowered with astonishment. That the mournfulness and seclusion of my manners, the obscurity which hung over my early life, and the dubiousness that must thence have been reflected on my real character, did not preclude such views, in a mind so cautious and enlightened, was scarcely credible. But whatever were his modes of judging, and whatever apologies for former errors he discovered in the blameless and diligent tenour of my life, during my abode at Ridgefield, I could not hesitate in what manner to decide. To take advantage of his ignorance, his compassion, or his candour; to give to his arms a being polluted with the foulest stains that can adhere to humanity, would be an outrage upon duty not less heinous than those which I had formerly committed. The embarrassment accruing from the situation in which I was placed—the necessity of hiding the true motives of my dissent—the danger of incurring the imputation of caprice, folly and ingratitude, of insensibility or disdain, was ended by his impetuosity. My decision being precipitately sought, and my pleas for deliberation and delay impetuously repulsed, I was obliged to declare my resolution, without assigning my motives.

"His affliction was proportioned to his disappointment. For a time he acquiesced in my resolves, but remitted none of his benevolent attentions and services. At length, however, he renewed the subject, and besought me to explain the reasons of my procedure. He laid open all his own heart—he traced the origin of our acquaintance, and the progress of his passion—he shewed the reasons on which it was built, the steps by which it attained to maturity, the immutable foundation of his esteem, the long, and intimate, and steadfast observation which he had exercised upon my conduct, and the hopes of future happiness which he had thence derived from union with me—hopes which he had cherished too long, which he had reared on too rational a basis, to abandon but with his life.

"I viewed this man with emotions widely different from those with which I had been used to regard Colmer. That sympathy of views, that conformity of opinions and habits, which was wanting to

the latter, were fully possessed by my new friend. I perceived that he was entitled to my whole heart, and that the sole obstacle to our alliance consisted in my worthlessness. Judge, then, with what anguish I must have reflected on this obstacle, which ages of remorse would not obliterate, which no time would lessen or remove, and which cut me off from such varied and abundant felicity; which not only placed happiness beyond my reach, but made me instrumental in the misery of one whose excellences were so transcendent and rare.

"It was impossible, in the full career of my feelings, to hide from him the state of my affections. This discovery gave new ardour to his hopes, new edge to his curiosity, new vigour to his perseverance. I confessed that I was bound by no matrimonial obligations to another; that no duty required me to seek the approbation to my choice of kindred or friends; that I was not influenced by the false refinements of pride, generated by reflection on the poverty of my condition and obscurity of my birth; that wedlock was a state to which I looked as the fountain of every joy, and the theatre of every virtue; that his character, his person, his family, his residence, his profession and fortune, were all such as my reason and my heart fondly and ardently approved. Still, however, there existed an impediment which no time would remove, and which was created by the incidents of my life, previous to my abode in this town.

"He enumerated all possible causes that could produce this effect; and, at length, extorted from me the confession, that the sense of faultiness formerly contracted—the persuasion that my mind was disqualified, by imbecility and vice, to associate with his, was the true cause of my reluctance. This intimation affected, in no degree, his wishes. He applauded the delicacy of my scruples—inferred, from their duration and strength, the untaintedness of my heart. I might, perhaps, have been drawn aside, by momentary impulse or passion, from the path of virtue; but my remorse, and the blamelessness of my deportment, during the years that he had witnessed it, evinced the undepraved rectitude of my principles, and constituted a sufficient expiation for any guilt which an human being could contract. He did not seek my confidence farther than it had already been bestowed. I was at liberty to hide from him my juvenile adventures. He was not anxious for my vindication from any charge which the malice or misapprehension of the world might bring against me. He had no surmises to remove, or suspicions to confute. He was satisfied with the knowledge which his own senses had collected, and looked no further for evidence of my integrity, and sureties for the happiness of union with me.

"On this topic my friend's eloquence was earnest and pathetic. While listening to his arguments, I gathered conviction. While his accents rung in my ears, I cherished the fond belief, that the years which I had passed in deploring, had atoned for, my misconduct; that to review the past with everlasting repinings and regrets was folly and guilt; that to allow former misdeeds, whose consequences were, perhaps, exhausted, to occupy our present thoughts, to the exclusion of beneficent designs, and the obstruction of wholesome activity, was to perpetuate and multiply the crime; that to regard our past misconduct with abhorrence was an argument of present virtue; but to suffer this abhorrence to incorporate itself with all our sentiments, to corrode our peace, to undermine our health or our life, and sink us into dreariness

and torpor, was contemptible and wicked. I thought myself less hopelessly unworthy; and, while I pondered on the offices of tenderness, the assiduities of gratitude, the irreproachable fidelity which marriage with Molesworth would allow me to perform and exhibit, I felt hope revive in my heart, and was willing to concur with his proposal.

"These serene intervals, however, were transient as a shadow. The absence of my friend failed not to restore the dominion of habit, awaken anew my remorse, and make that obstacle, which, for a time, had disappeared, rise again more menacing than ever. I judged of his sensations by my own. At present he was wildering himself in speculation. The magnanimity of forgiveness—the sufficiency of penitence to expiate offences, and restore purity, were shadows which his understanding found it easy to subdue, as long as their existence was imaginary, and had no relation to himself. He sported with conjectures as to the crimes which it was possible for me to have committed; but none of his conjectures had hitherto reached the atrociousness of the truth—none were believed, by him, to possess any degree of probability: but as soon as the frightful truth should be discovered, the current of dispassionate reasoning would be changed—his gaudy theories, his artificial calm would vanish—dejection and abhorrence would succeed, and he would spurn me from him as the bane of his existence.

"These thoughts renewed my wavering or suspended determination. Molesworth, when he imagined my reluctance at an end, found that a few hours absence had given it more force than ever, and once more engaged in the task of contending with my scruples. My soul was torn by incessant struggles. There was no need to deliberate on the propriety of an immediate confession of my guilt. The confession, whether just or not, whether necessary or superfluous, was utterly impossible. My lips refused to open, my tongue was tied, when my unfaithfulness to Colmer, and its dreadful effects upon him, upon my father and my brother, were to be the theme of my discourse.

"I believed that this disclosure would terminate our controversy; but it would drive from my presence him whom my fluttering heart acknowledged for its sole possessor, whose company composed my chief delight: it would ravish from him all the hopes which he had built upon conviction of my merits; it would make me an outcast from my present home, and doom me to poverty, reproach and neglect. What wonder that I recoiled from these consequences?

"In the midst of these distractions and misgivings, it occurred to me, at length, that my fame was built upon a mere deception. The goods which I at present enjoyed, were held by no tenure but that of the ignorance of those by whom they were bestowed. I had been anxious not to hide, but only not to publish my shame. My conduct had been open to the scrutiny of all; but my lips had been perpetually closed upon the subject of my past offences. I had dealt in no impostures and inventions. I had not, in a single instance, abjured my veracity, and misled my neighbours by deceitful representations of my life and character. In this manner I had acted towards Molesworth. I had not laboured to correct, neither had I taken pains to perpetuate his errors. In acting thus I did not conceive myself culpable: but if his affection and esteem for me, as a wife, were to be retained on the same conditions as those on which I had preserved his

friendship, might they not, with equal blamenessness, be adopted?

"He knew my self-accusations. He knew that I regarded my faults as inexpiable, and as such as unfitted me for the provinces of wife and mother; but he, nevertheless, placed his happiness in my acceptance. He exacted from me no confession. He was willing to take me as I was, with all my real, and imaginary and imputed imperfections. My guilt might, by some fatal accident, be whispered in his ear, and his love and my felicity be ended at once; but this was contingent, and might never happen, or happen remotely, when the long experience of my worth, the cement of offspring, and the progress of his reason, might hinder it from producing fatal effects. This discovery might, indeed, be anticipated by myself. I might gradually acquire confidence in his fortitude, in the agreement between his theoretical and practical deductions; I might seize some propitious moment, and reveal to him my story, and my peace and his affection may survive the shock.

"He proposes to spend his life here, where I have remained thus long, untraced and unsuspected. Every day adds to my security, by lessening the number of witnesses, and weakening the memory, of my dishonour, and fortifying the incredulity of my husband and my friends, by supplying them with new proofs of my constancy and virtue.

"Such were the reasonings that at length induced me to compliance. I was married, and conferred that happiness on Molesworth which I shall never know. The colour of my thoughts was by no means uniform. My misgivings, as to the events of futurity, my doubts as to the rectitude of what I had done, bred, in my secret thoughts, a melancholy which the caresses of my husband and my friends dispelled for a time, though sure to revisit me in solitude. I found new difficulties in disclosure, new humiliations in concealment, and new terrors in contemplating the texture of human events, by which the truth is finally drawn forth from all the obscurities and folds in which human ingenuity might wrap it. I shuddered to think on how slender a thread my felicity depended, and have suffered all the torments of foreboding, on a short journey or unexpected absence of my husband. I have waited his return with trembling, and watched, with unspeakable anxiety, his looks as soon as he appeared. I have been prone to misconstrue appearances, to impute inquietude or indisposition to some untoward occurrence, or malignant intimation of my guilt.

"All these causes of alarm were aggravated by our removal to this city, to which Molesworth was induced by considerations, to which it was impossible for me either to admit with cheerfulness, or strenuously to object. I have seldom walked out but from necessity. I have been studious to evade the scrutiny of passengers. In so large a concourse from all parts of the United States, it is scarcely possible not to meet with some who knew me during my residence at Portsmouth.

"I have, unfortunately, encountered some of these. I have even attracted observation, and been overpowered with terror at tokens which were once given of an intention to accost me by one who knew me well in my father's house. My suspicions have been ceaseless, my subterfuges to escape abhorred detection without number; but still I have seemed to be for ever tottering on the verge of destruction.—It was not long before a new event occurred to give a new form to my fears.

"You will judge of my confu-

sion when I descried, from my chamber, on about three months ago, passing the street, Haywood himself. My confusion at this incident threw me into a fever, from which I recovered not without difficulty, and contrary to all my wishes.

"Haywood was never hated or upbraided by me, on account of any guilt that I imputed to him. He was, indeed, the author of all my distresses, and as such the sound of his name, and the recurrence of his image, produced loathing and abhorrence. To mistake another for him was impossible. I was, by turns, fondling my babe, and looking out upon the passengers, when he abruptly appeared in sight.

"My husband, happily for me, was not present. Had he been at my side, I should have been undone. My emotions not even his presence would have enabled me to subdue. As it was, his unsuspecting tenderness, his sympathy for my pain, stung me to the soul. Such is my unhappy lot, that every proof of tenderness from him whom I fondly love, only wrings my heart with new anguish, with anguish which nothing but proofs of his hatred would increase.

"Haywood I beheld for a moment only. How long he had been in this city, how often he had passed this door, how often he had passed me in the street, and by what mere accident he had been hitherto prevented from seeing and accosting me, I had no means of knowing. Whether he continued in this city, and whether I was still reserved for a meeting with him, were equally uncertain. I could not make inquiries. I could not suffer his name to pass my lips; but his image was ever in my thoughts. In passing the street, I dreaded to look up, for fear his eyes should suddenly meet mine. On entering the house of another, my secret terrors whispered that Haywood might be there. At every return of my husband to his home, I shuddered, lest some dire occurrence had revealed to him my shame.

"Shortly after I went into the country; but the change afforded me but slender relief. I was no longer in danger of meeting with Haywood, but my safety was still exposed to hourly hazard; my blood was chilled at the sight of every letter which came from Molesworth. Tremblingly I opened it, as if the painting of my nightly dream was to be realized, and I was to be overwhelmed with his curses and invectives.

"Little did I think, in the midst of all my fears, that danger of detection was increased by the rashness or folly of Haywood himself. Little did I think that he had confided the secret of my shame to another; that the strange youth whom we had received into our very bosom, was apprized of my guilt; and this has set, in its true light, the hollowness of my hopes; has shewn me how baseless is the confidence which I reposed in the ignorance of mankind respecting me.

"Thousands may possess your knowledge. Those who daily converse with me, my husband's kindred and friends, may know my true character. They hate or despise me in their heart, and pity Molesworth's delusion, while they greet me with welcomes and smiles. A thousand times may the breath of Slander have blighted my name, and my crimes have been the subject of malignant whispers in the very circles which I frequent.

"Here then are my hopes of conjugal peace and unsullied reputation at an end. I have lived, in spite of conviction, that I merited abhorrence and infamy; but I have lived, because my life, and the belief of my purity, contributed to

the happiness of the best of men. What shall become of me when that belief is subverted—when he shall cast me from him as baneful and poisonous? That moment cannot long be deferred, and when it comes ——!"

Such were the terms of this affecting narrative. Having finished it, some engagement called her away, and she left me to muse upon it. It was a subject from which I could not withdraw my attention. My mind was continually busy in ruminating on this mournful tale.

"What various misery," said I, "has flowed from a single lapse! How ceaselessly watchful should we be against the first step that deviates from rectitude! A moment of forgetfulness of duty has been thus fertile of calamity; has laid so wide a scene of ruin!

"Where will it end? Can no penitence expiate this guilt, and no wisdom prevent future evils? Is it not enough that the husband and the brother have perished? That all the happiness which the continuance of life to Colmer and Selwyn might have produced, was extinguished in their blood? Has heaven provided no resource against despair? no antidote to future errors?

"To save a life endangered by the folly and guilt of Haywood, this unfortunate woman broke her conjugal faith, contracted through pity to Colmer, whose infatuation was no less culpable. Her crime was followed by the despair of her husband, and the vengeance of her brother. These passions were the growth of errors no less deplorable, and have led to effects equally disastrous. But the mournful series is not at an end. The tranquillity of Molesworth is the child of ignorance and stratagem. At the moment of discovered truth, the phantom will vanish. What a series of errors generating errors, and disasters flowing from disasters!

"But is it certain that to know the truth will subvert his happiness? His wife has a right to plead her tenderness and fidelity to him, in excuse for past faults. Surely, in dispassionate eyes, her claim to pardon and to continuance of affection, cannot be disputed. Would it not be wise, at least, to make trial of his equity and fortitude?

"She will never be persuaded to confession. Another must perform that task; but there is no substitute but myself, and as to me, would it not be madness and outrage to undertake a province like that? Have I not sworn to conceal her shame; and what, if, in the hope of effecting much good, I should violate my promise; what if Molesworth should prove to possess all the passions of an husband and a lover; if the happiness hitherto enjoyed should melt away from his grasp, like the phantom of sleep; and anger and hatred should succeed to pity and love; how shall I indure to behold the effects of my fatal interposition?"

No wonder that while such were my reveries, you should perceive embarrassment and thoughtfulness in my deportment. How little, when your eyes were compassionately fixed upon me, and they seemed to say—"Harry! what is the matter with you?" how little did you suspect what was passing within! And what answer, had I spoken the truth, should I have given to your question?

For some time after this interview, no opportunity occurred of renewing conversation on this topic. I saw a secret wish to this end on your wife's looks, which seemed to fluctuate between curiosity and terror. It was only when your uncle's sickness called you from town, that we could hope for uninterrupted conversation. You left us at noon, and intended, or expected not to return till next morning.

The day was past in separate occupations, or in the presence of visitants or servants. In the evening, we seated ourselves alone, and your wife took up some needlework. She did not, as usual, ask me to read to her. She sometimes sighed, and the handkerchief was often raised to wipe away the mist that suffused her sight. At length, after a prelude of mournful silence, she stopt the needle, and said, in a tremulous voice:—

"We are now alone, Henry, and I may say to you something that—you will not wonder that I am desirous of knowing more of—Selwyn—my brother. You told me he had died, lately, in New-York—you know the circumstances."

I understood her wishes, but was thrown into extreme embarrassment, by this disclosure of them. How could the truth of Selwyn's destiny be disclosed to the sister? I was silent. She looked at me, and saw the marks of my inquietude. She was affected in her turn, and sunk into thoughtfulness.

Recovering from this reverie, she again spoke—"Tell me, where; how did he die?"

I was unable to answer. I could not deceive or prevaricate, and the truth could not be told.

"Why are you silent? Tell me, Henry, how did he die? He was not in poverty I hope. How long had he lived in New-York? Was he not in good repute? It is long since I saw that sweet face."

"He was not poor. He was in good repute. All that knew him, esteemed his probity and manners. He had arrived but a few days before."

"Some sudden sickness, perhaps. How was it? Tell me!"

I was silent.

"Do you know the cause of his death?"

"I know it."

"Then tell it me. Why should you conceal it? Knowing, as I do, that he is dead, surely I can bear to hear the manner of his death."

I shook my head—"I am not sure of that."

Her anxiety increased. "Was there any thing extraordinary in his death? Perhaps it was a sudden stroke."

"It was."

"Alas! But he was among his friends, I hope. He did not suffer through negligence or inattention."

"He did not."

"Why then do you look so sadly? Why hesitate to tell me the particulars? A lingering death is not better than a sudden one. In whose house did he breathe his last? At what hour? By what disease?"

"Under no roof. It was at midnight. By no disease."

At these words, her heart throbbed with new violence, and her faltering increased—"Surely—he owed not his death—he owed his death———"

"To Haywood! whom your brother had pursued for years to avenge your shame in his blood. They met; the defiance was received, and your brother fell."

Let me not attempt to paint the effect of these tidings. An hour after, when the tears whose assuaging influence had been, for a long time, withheld, began to flow, and to impart some relief, you entered—unexpected and unwished by either, you entered the apartment.

Here I must stop. I have complied with your request. I have told you all that I know. I parted from you, in no fear for the life of my benefactress and friend, but—she is dead!——

American Review.

ART. XVII.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two volumes. 8vo. *By* Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 115.]

THE second volume of this work opens with a series of tables, exhibiting the annual rate of mortality during the two last centuries, and corresponding phenomena, in several towns of Europe, and some parts of America. Then follow some remarks upon the history of pestilence in general; in which much stress is laid upon the coincidences that have taken place between appearances of comets, volcanoes, earthquakes and pestilence; whence the author endeavours to establish an affinity between these, either that of cause and effect, or of connection with a common cause. We are then presented with statements, intended to show a gradual progress in the principle of pestilence; that plagues are preceded and foretokened by increase in the malignity of other diseases.

An history of the epidemic catarrh is followed by speculations on the order and connection of pestilential epidemics, and on the extent of a pestilential state of the atmosphere. We cannot pretend to do justice to the author's reasonings in a few words. They are remarkably ingenious and acute, and are founded on a very copious deduction of facts in the history of human calamities.

The connection between epidemics and affections of the atmosphere, more or less extensive and durable, and more or less subjected to the cognizance of the senses, with earthquakes, comets, and the like, is largely discussed, and placed in very plausible and cogent lights.

The doctrine of contagion is copiously discussed. In a work of science there is no circumstance that should more carefully be studied than method. In this work we have frequent reason to regret the absence of a modelling and chastening hand. The conclusions to which his reasonings on the subject of contagion lead, might have been stated with much greater accuracy of method.

After encountering the doctrine of specific contagion by various arguments, drawn from the history of pestilences in the Eastern Hemisphere, he returns to our own country, in search of similar proofs, and speaks as follows:—

"That the plague will not spread from infection, in an atmosphere not proper for it, we have, in America, most indubitable evidence.

"In every pestilence that has affected our cities for six years past, great numbers of persons, when ill, have been removed into the country, or have been seized after removal, but not one instance occurred of the spreading of the disease in the country to any extent, from such infected persons, until the year 1798. There have been a few scattering instances, in which the nurses of such persons have received the disorder. These have been very rare: probably not in one instance of a hundred, has any person been affected by fomites from such diseased persons. Most

violent cases of the pestilence, when removed into a pure air, exhibit no infection that is perceptible. This fact corresponds with what has been related of the importation of infected persons and goods into Egypt, in June, July and August, which produces no ill effect; but for a very good reason: the air of that country, during the inundation of the Nile, will not *generate* the plague; and hence the vulgar idea, that it is not imported, or will not spread from infection.

"But not only do our country people escape infection from diseased citizens who sicken and die in their houses, but our cities also, when the constitution of air does not favour the disease, are not affected by the introduction of the worst cases from neighbouring cities. Thus, in 1793, many persons from Philadelphia entered New-York, in spite of precautions taken by the police, sickened, and died, in boarding-houses and other places, but without communicating the disease in a single instance. In 1795 the case was reversed: New-York generated a contagious fever, but Philadelphia did not; and several persons, who left New-York, sickened and died in Philadelphia, without infecting any person whatever.

"It is unnecessary to multiply examples. The same has happened between Philadelphia and Baltimore; between Norfolk and the adjacent country; between Boston and Providence: in short, there is not an exception to the remark, that infected persons, carried into towns and cities where the atmosphere has not been disposed to *generate* an epidemic, have never propagated the disease. In every case, and the instances have been very numerous, the disease has disappeared with the recovery or death of the first or second patient.

"But this is not all. In the same town or city, where the pestilence has been general in a particular quarter, another part of the town or city, situated on better ventilated, or more elevated land, has not only been free from the epidemic, but has possessed an air capable of resisting the infection of the diseased. This, to a certain degree, was the fact in Philadelphia, where no part of the city can be called *elevated;* yet, in 1793 and 1797, few cases of the fever occurred in the western part of the city. But in New-York, New-Haven, Providence, New-London, Boston, and Newburyport, the disease has had its pestilential region, or quarter of the town, in which it became epidemic and infectious; but other parts of the town have been free from it. And in all such instances, the most malignant cases, in persons seized in the pestilential region, and conveyed to the healthy part of the town, have exhibited no infection; or if a single nurse has taken the disease, of which I have heard of two or three instances, the infection has there ceased, and produced no further effects.

"These exempted parts of the towns are the more cleanly and airy situations. To this, however, occur two exceptions: one in Philadelphia, in 1798, the disease of which year was more virulent and more infectious than in former years, and extended to healthy positions. The other exception is in New-London, the last summer also; in which town the disease had, indeed, its pestilential region marked distinctly, as before related; but this part of the town, where the disease raged, is as airy and well built as any other quarter.

"Pestilential diseases, then, have an atmosphere in which they rage with violence; but, at a distance, they lose the power of infecting, at least to a great degree.

"These facts all concur to esta-

blish the principle, that some other cause must act with infection, to render this pestilence epidemic, or to give it effect. The consequence is unavoidable, that the infecting cause is *not a specific contagion.*

"In the second place, the infecting power of the plague, and other autumnal diseases, is susceptible of gradation, from the lowest point of danger up to the highest; a circumstance that does not characterize the specific contagion of small-pox and measles. In America we have seen the disease in every stage of virulence, except, perhaps, the very highest, like that in the days of Gallus and Volusian, that in the time of Evagrius, or that in the reign of Edward III. and a few others. The disease in Philadelphia, in 1797, was more infectious than that in 1793, and that in 1798 still more than either. The fever in New-York, in 1795, exhibited very little infection; not one case in twenty proceeding from any communication with the sick: but in 1798 the disease put on a more viruleut aspect, and was more generally infectious. In Baltimore the disease, in 1797, ran through all the grades of bilious fever, from an ordinary remittent, which, for weeks, prevailed without infection, to a contagious yellow fever.

"During the same season, and in the same city, the disease exists in all its grades, from an intermittent to the contagious yellow fever. It is a very frequent thing for persons seized with decided symptoms of the pestilential fever, to have the disease reduced, by early applications, to a remittent or an intermittent. Of this I am an instance myself: having contracted the malignant fever in New-York, in August, 1798, from the air of the city, for I was near no diseased persons, and returned home, I was seized with the symptoms, though not of the most violent kind. The fever was disturbed by early remedies, and I became convalescent; but, in a few days, I relapsed, and the fever took the form of a regular tertian. Dr. Rush relates similar examples in the fever of 1793."

The following statements, to the same purpose, and likewise to shew the unequal, and seemingly capricious, operations of this principle, are extremely curious:

"Sometimes the plague discriminates between natives of different countries. The French fugitives from the West-Indies, who have resided in our cities during pestilence, have generally escaped. This is not, however, very remarkable, as they are accustomed to a climate which is, like our summers, peculiarly fitted to produce a similar disease; at the same time, their manner of living is better suited to the warm season than that of our own citizens.

"But a similar discrimination has been often observed among natives of the same latitudes, or nearly the same. Thus Cardanus, lib. viii. relates, that in a pestilence at Basle, the Swiss only were affected; the French, Italians and Germans escaped. John Utenhovius relates, that in a plague in Denmark, all strangers, as English, Germans and Hollanders, escaped, although they resided in families, and associated freely with the infected. The Sudor Anglicus, when it first appeared in England, attacked none but the English; but in subsequent pestilential constitutions, it invaded almost all Europe.

"We have, in America, most illustrious examples of the distinction above mentioned. In the sweeping pestilence of 1618, when almost all the Indians perished, on a tract of three hundred miles in extent, some white men wintered in the country, and associated freely with the sick, without injury. In a similar pestilence among the Indians on Nan-

tucket, in 1763, not a white man was affected, though never so much exposed to infection. Two or three other instances have come to my knowledge. A like discrimination took place in Egypt, in the time of Moses.

"Sometimes the plague singles out particular families. Thus Diemerbroeck observed, in the plague at Nimeguen, whole families, by a secret sympathy, were seized all at one time; and, in some instances, where the members of the same family lived, at a distance from each other, in different parts of the city, they were all attacked nearly at the same time. What is more remarkable, the same fact was repeatedly observed, where the members of the same family lived in different towns. Of this there were many examples. One man, by the name of Van Dans, to preserve his children from infection, sent two of them to Gorcum, in Holland, to reside with his friends, and kept the third at home. There was no pestilential disease in Gorcum at that time, and the two children remained in health for two or three months; but, at last, both were seized with the plague, and died, at the same time that the father and another child died with it at Nimeguen. The mother was seized, but recovered. About the same time, a sister, and two or three other children, residing with another sister, at a distance, and several more remote relations of the family, all perished with the same disease.

"So it is related by Evagrius, who was surprised at the fact, that particular families, sometimes only one or two, were arrested by the plague, while all the other inhabitants of the city remained in health. But he remarks, further, that those who escaped the first year, experienced the like calamity in the next. This fact, by the way, is common, and should have led Evigarus, and others, to observe the progressiveness of the pestilential cause.

"Pliny, lib. vii. ca. 50. remarks, that old people are usually exempt from attacks of the plague; but that all nations are subject to pestilential diseases, which invade them by kinds or classes, sometimes falling on servants, sometimes on nobles, and on others by grades or ranks. Nature, says this author, has even prescribed certain laws to diseases. The last remark should have excited the minds of physicians to discover these laws. Such laws certainly exist, and epidemics of all kinds are connected in principle.

"I have met with other instances of discrimination, perhaps, more remarkable. One is related from John Helwigius, in Bonetus' Collection of Northern Medicine, p. 228. In 1621, when the small-pox raged with great mortality, it was remarked, that persons of the same blood, as brothers, cousins, and other relatives, living at a great distance from each other, and as far as from Nuremberg to Lyons, in France, were seized with the disease at one and the same time. I draw no important consequences from this fact, because this disease is not *limited* to particular families, although it may seize one family before it does another.

"Another instance is related by Van Swieten, vol. xvi. from Heister, an author of undoubted credit. At Altdorf, in Franconia, broke out, in 1711, a malignant fever, approaching to the plague in violence, but not with the glandular tumors. This disease attacked none but the students, or others, of the university; but it seized them wherever they were dispersed in private families, in all parts of the town. It seized the professors also, and their families, but went no farther by infection. It attacked also the printer to the university, and his workmen, though at a distance from the col-

lege; while another printer, contiguous to the college, escaped. Students also, belonging to the university, though at home, as at Nuremburg, were seized. It was thus restricted in its attacks, and exhibited no infection beyond these descriptions of persons.

"This fact at Altdorf is by far the most singular that I have found in history; but that a violent disease should attack persons of one blood, and not of another, is less surprising. We have recent proofs of this discrimination in America. In 1796, three persons of one name, in Hartford, two brothers and a cousin, were suddenly seized with a violent fever, of a putrid tendency, though in winter, and carried off within a few days of each other. At the same time two or three others of the family were seized, less violently, in the same town, and recovered; and, what is more singular, two other brothers, one in Litchfield, 30 miles from Hartford, and another in New-York, 130 miles distant, were attacked nearly at the same time, and were very ill, but survived. No infection could have existed in most of these cases, as the persons did not see each other.*

"Another instance occurred in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is stated to me by the attending physician.

"In October, 1791, a young woman, belonging to a family in that town, but who had, for two years, lived at a distance of three miles from her father's house, was seized with a putrid bilious fever. Her mother repaired to the place, and nursed her till she was convalescent. None of the family visited her while sick, except the father occasionally, and her eldest sister. The latter took the place of the mother for a few days, who was called home to attend two other children who were seized with the same disease, and who had never been exposed to infection. Before these recovered, three others were taken with the fever in the same family. The three last had, doubtless, assisted in nursing the sick, or been into their rooms, and, therefore, might have been infected.

"In April following, another of the children, who had lived at a distance from the family, and had not been permitted to see any of the sick, was seized with the same fever, at the house where she lived. In the same month, the father and another child were taken with it at home. Not one of the family, at home or abroad, escaped, except the mother, who had nursed all the sick, except one, and was most exposed to infection. The diseased were very offensive, but all recovered except one; and neither my informant, the attending physician, nor any nurse or visitor out of the family, was in the least injured by infection.

"M. S. letter from Dr. Wm. Gamage.

"This disease was a family pestilence, which began in autumn, was suspended by the cold of winter, and revived in spring. It resembles, on a small scale, the great plagues in London and Marseilles, and many others, in which a few cases occurred in the preceding autumn, clearly marking a pestilential state of air in that particular city, which state

* A curious fact is related to me by Dr. Dutton, of Oxford, in Derby. In the year 1795, almoſt every *male* child, born in the beginning of the year, in that and the adjacent towns, died, within a fortnight, by convulſions; but no *female* child was affected. This was obſerved to be more frequent in families that had been affected by the ſcarlatina in the preceding year.

It will be remarked, that this was near the diſtrict of country which had ſuffered by a peſtilential fever and dyſentery.

was arrested in its operation by cold in winter, but again exhibited its effects in spring.

"The limitation of the disease to a particular family, of the same blood, or disposition to be affected by a certain morbid state of air, is a mysterious phenomenon; but the fact is so well ascertained, as to leave no room to question its existence. We can ascribe it only to a general state of air, fitted to produce injurious or fatal effects on bodies of a particular temperament, which temperament or disposition consists in the invisible structure or organization. It is demonstrated, that infection cannot be the only cause of the diseases in these families; and, of course, we are compelled to admit the existence of another cause, which can only be the atmosphere; for no other cause extends its operation to the distance at which the effects were produced."

What judgment the impartial reader will pass upon the facts and reasonings so copiously detailed in this work, we cannot determine. None can fail to give due praise to the zeal, industry and ingenuity of the writer; though many, perhaps, will not so readily admit the demonstrable certainty of his conclusions. That there is such a coincidence between appearances of comets, earthquakes, inundations, storms, dearths, and epidemics, as to justify the belief of some connection between them, in the great series of cause and effect; that the atmosphere undergoes various changes of its constituent parts, by which it becomes less favourable to vegetable and animal life; that this morbid constitution is liable to be modified, increased or lessened, but not totally removed, by human precautions, and by merely local circumstances, are positions which all must allow the researches of our author to have rendered, at least, extremely probable.

(To be continued.)

Art. XVIII.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

(Continued from p. 120.)

On the extraneous fossils, denominated Mammoth bones; designed to shew that they are the remains of more than one non-descript Animal: By George Turner.

MR. TURNER is of opinion that "these remains evince a member of the *herbivorous* order; and, from their extraordinary size, prove, that they belong to some link in the chain of animals, which, like that of the Mammoth, has long been lost.

Both skeletons of these incognita being usually embedded in company, they have hitherto been confounded together by writers, under the single appellation of Mammoth bones.

The parts which mark the remains of a second animal, consist, first, of a grinder exclusively worn by those of the herbivorous kind; and, secondly, of two tusks *(defenses)* differently fashioned.

"Although I do not presume to assert, that, contrary to the received opinion, neither of these tusks belonged to the Mammoth; yet, if the nature of his pursuits be considered, taking it for granted, that he was partly (if not wholly) carnivorous;—that there is no place for their insertion in the lower jaw, (the upper I have not seen) and that such tusks would appear to be incompatible with the natural pursuits of such a creature—can we hesitate to ascribe them to some other animal?

"I shall confine my ideas to *two* distinct skeletons only; since no discovery has yet occurred of a third tooth, or other bone, to justify the dividing of the tusks be-

tween a second and a third description of *incognita*. I am neither prepared to admit nor deny, that *defenses*, so differently fashioned as these will appear, were worn by one and the same animal: and yet, the probability is, that neither of them belonged to the Mammoth. The difference between the *defenses* is indeed remarkable. One of them, the longer of the two, bears a near resemblance, in size, form, and substance, to the tusk of an elephant: the other describes a greater curve, and is so flattened or compressed on two opposite sides, in its whole length, as to produce a greater breadth than thickness, in the proportion of about two parts and a half to one. The curvature inclines on the edges; that is, the tusk is bent edgewise. Both *defenses* are good ivory.

"With respect to the teeth, all that I have seen of either kind are *dentes molares*. They unquestionably bespeak the remains of two distinct species of non-descript animals; the one carnivorous, or mixed; the other herbivorous, or graminivorous.

"The masticating surface of the Mammoth tooth is set with four or five high double-coned processes, strongly coated with enamel: whereas that of the other *incognitum* is flat, nearly smooth, and ribbed transversely, somewhat like the elephant's grinder, but less prominently marked. The writer has counted from fifteen to twenty of these transverse lines on a single tooth of this second *incognitum*; while on that of the elephant, they seldom exceed half the number.

"The lower jaw of the Mammoth is furnished with four teeth, two on each side; and being unassociated either with *incisoris* or *canini*, it may reasonably be inferred, that this animal was of a nature not wholly carnivorous, but mixed."

A description of the Bones, deposited in the Museum of the Society by the President By C. Wistar, M. D. &c.

This description is illustrated by figures, and appears to be accurate and satisfactory. These bones were discovered in Virginia, and indicate an animal of the clawed kind, of enormous magnitude. From the view taken of the subject in this memoir, the author concludes that "there seems to have been some analogy between the foot of this animal and those of the bradypus —having no specimens of that animal, I derive this conclusion from the description of its feet given by M. Daubenton.

"Notwithstanding a general resemblance, they differ in some important points—In the sloth the figure of the metacarpal bone was such that M. Daubenton could not determine from it, whether the bone belonged to the metacarpus or the phalanges—but there could be no doubt as to these bones, for they are unequivocally metacarpal or metatarsal. The sloth has but two phalanges in addition to the supposed metacarpal bone, whereas the animal in question had bone No. 2, and two phalanges besides. The relative size or proportions of the phalanges, must have differed greatly in the two animals. M. Daubenton describes the first phalanx as very long, and the last, or claw bone, as very short, in the sloth, but the reverse is the case with these bones. There is, however, an unguis described by M. Daubenton which is particularly interesting; it was presented by M. de la Condamine as belonging to a large species of sloth, and although not entire, its length measured round the convexity, was half a foot, and its breadth, at the base, an inch and a half.

"We are naturally led to inquire whether these bones are similar to those of the great skeleton

found lately at Paraguay, but for want of a good plate, or a full description we are unable, at present, to decide upon that subject. If, however, any credit be due to the representation given in the Monthly Magazine for Sept. 1796, published in London, (the only plate I have seen) these bones could not have belonged to a skeleton of that animal—for according to that representation, the lower end of the ulna is much larger, and articulated with a larger portion of the foot, in the magatherium, than in the megalonix. The upper end of the radius also, is much larger than the lower in that figure, whereas the reverse is the case with the megalonix, and the difference in the claw bones is still greater, as will appear to every one who compares the two."

On the discovery of certain bones of a Quadruped of the clawed kind, in Virginia. By T. Jefferson.

This is an highly interesting and amusing essay. The animal, whose remains are here measured, and compared with those of the African Lion, is called Migalonyx, and great sagacity is displayed, as well as powers of description, in collecting evidence of the actual existence of this animal. This evidence is much stronger than the inference deduced from the abstract reasoning contained in the following passage.

"The animal species which has once been put into a train of motion, is still, probably, moving in that train. For if one link in nature's chain might be lost, another and another might be lost, till this whole system of things should evanish by peace-meal; a conclusion not warranted by the local disappearance of one or two species of animals, and opposed by the thousands and thousands of instances of the *renovating* power constantly exercised by nature, for the *reproduction* of all her subjects, animal, vegetable, and mineral. If this animal then, has once existed, it is probable on this general view of the movements of nature, that he still exists."

Animals, vegetables, and minerals, may be regarded as forms of matter. To take away from the series, one or more of these *forms*, is not to take away the *stuff* of which they are made, but merely to allow more stuff and more scope to the production of remaining forms. In proportion to the number of species that are lost, will be the increase in the number of the *individuals* of those that remain. What hinders, then, from believing that some species may be wholly extinguished?

The species is made up of individuals. To destroy *all* the individuals, is to destroy the species. This may never happen, with regard to any species, but surely there is no physical impossibility to hinder it. There is no infraction of any law of nature, or of God, implied in such extinction. The contrary indeed, is true, for if we ascribe benevolence to nature, or providence, that benevolence will demand, or at least, be pleased with the indefinite multiplication of that species which is susceptible of most happiness. This species, with due deference to the art of the Elephant be it spoken, is man; and as the individuals of this species multiply, the individuals of other species, not subservient to his use or pleasure, must disappear, and finally, the species itself *vanish*. Why not? Benevolence must wish that the beings susceptible of happiness, be many; no matter if these beings be of different species, or of one. Nay, as different species cannot be of equal value, she must wish that one should perish, to give place to the other. Twenty men are of more value than ten men and ten monkeys.

If South-America were peopled as well as England, or Barbadoes, its wolves and monkeys must perish. How many species would disappear in this destruction? and why should nature be supposed to be outraged, when, for the thousand wolves and apes that are gone, we have a thousand, or it may be, ten thousand men and women? If the whole globe were as well peopled as Ireland, or Maryland, what would become of the *Simia* and the *Felis?* And if men were as wise, and, consequently, as happy, as an honest mind will wish, what would become of the *Canis* and *Caballus?*

The *reproduction* of any species of *animals* is a different point. That it exists or has existed, is, no doubt, good proof that it once was produced, by means different from that by which they are continued. Sexual propagation of course, implies the existence of previous individuals, at the time of parturition or incubation; but the first pair must have been differently produced. Suppose all the individuals extinct, will the species never re-appear? Never in the sexual way. How then? By the means employed to produce the first pair. Why should we suppose that an energy once exerted has now ceased? That what has once taken place, may not take place in future?

The time, place, manner, and *motives inciting* cannot be known; but man would quarrel with his own understanding, if he did not admit that what happened once, may happen again. We must note, however, that the world is wide enough to afford retreats from the persecution of men, as they now are, to every species of animals; that it is unphilosophical to suppose more causes of appearances than one, when one is sufficient; and that our ignorance may easily mistake a re-appearance for a revival. The wild theories of Buffon, respecting the disparity of nature's products, in the two hemispheres, have never, perhaps, been placed in a stronger light, than in the following ingenious passages.

"The Cosmogony of M. de Buffon supposes that the earth and all the other planets, primary and secondary, have been masses of melted matter, struck off from the sun by the incidence of a comet on her: that these have been cooling by degrees, first at the poles, and afterwards more and more towards their Equators: consequently, that on our earth, there has been a time when the temperature of the poles suited the constitution of the Elephant, the Rhinoceros, and Hippopotamus: and in proportion as the remoter zones became successively too cold, these animals have retired more and more towards the Equatorial regions, till now that they are reduced to the torrid zone as the ultimate stage of their existence. To support this theory, he * affirms the tusks of the Mammoth to have been those of an Elephant, some of his teeth to have belonged to the Hippopotamus, and his largest grinders to an animal much greater than either, and to have been deposited on the Missouri, the Ohio, the Holston, when those latitudes were not yet too cold for the constitutions of these animals. Should the bones of our animal, which may hereafter be found, differ only in size from those of the Lion, they may, on this hypothesis, be claimed for the Lion, now also reduced to the torrid zone, and its vicinities, and may be considered as an additional proof of this system; and that there has been a time when our latitudes suited the Lion as well as the other animals of that temperament.

* Buffon, Epoq. 2. 233, 234.

"This is not the place to discuss theories of the earth, nor to question the gratuitous allotment to different animals of teeth not differing in any circumstance. But let us for a moment grant this with his former postulata, and ask how they will consist with another theory of his, "qu'il y a dans la combinaison des elemens et des autres causes physiques, quelque chose de contraire a l'aggrandisement de la nature vivante *dans ce nouveau monde;* qu'il y a des obstacles au developpement et peutetre a la formation des grands germes."* He says that the Mammoth was an Elephant, yet † two or three times as large as the Elephants of Asia and Africa: that some of his teeth were those of a Hippopotamus, yet of a Hippopotamus ‡ four times as large as those of Africa: that the Mammoth himself, for he still considers him as a distinct animal,§ "was of a size superior to that of the largest Elephants. That he was the primary and greatest of all terrestrial animals." If the bones of the Megalonyx be ascribed to the Lion, they must certainly have been of a Lion of more than three times the volume of the African. I delivered to M. de Buffon the skeleton of our palmated Elk, called Orignal or Moose, seven feet high over the shoulders; he is often considerably higher. I cannot find that the European Elk is more than two thirds of that height: consequently not one third of the bulk of the American. He || acknowledges the palmated deer (daim) of America, to be larger and stronger than that of the Old World. He considers the round horned deer of these States and of Louisiana, as the roe, and admits they are of three times his size. Are we then, from all this, to draw a conclusion the reverse of that of M. de Buffon? That nature, has formed the larger animals of America, like its lakes, its rivers, and mountains, on a greater and prouder scale than in the other hemisphere? Not at all, we are to conclude that she has formed some things large and some things small, on both sides of the earth, for reasons which she has not enabled us to penetrate; and that we ought not to shut our eyes upon one half of her facts, and build systems on the other half."

* Buffon, xviii. 145. † 2 Epoq. 223. ‡ 1 Epoq. 246. 2 Epoq. 232.
§ 2 Epoq. 234, 235. || Buffon, xxix. 245.

Art. XIX.

An Elegiac Poem on the Death of General Washington. By Charles Caldwell, *A. M. M. D. Philadelphia.* Bradford. *pp.* 12. 1800.

RHETORICK has been lavish of its homage to the memory of Washington; but we recollect only this and one other considerable specimen of poetry which this occasion has produced. On this account, therefore, as well as on others, these specimens deserve particular attention.

The performance before us is of a very singular kind. We have seldom met with a production in which all the *apparatus* of poetry is displayed in a more correct, polished, and splendid condition. We have seldom met with numbers more flowing and melodious. Syllables and pauses are adjusted according to the most perfect standard. The rhymes, with a few exceptions, are accurate and proper. No thoughtless omissions, no distressful hiatus, no jarring combinations, no misplaced emphases, any where occur. "The march is" every where "majestic, and the energy" of *numbers* "divine;" and, were we called upon to produce a specimen of musical, correct and po-

lished versification, we should not hesitate to offer this performance as such an one.

The value of numbers and phraseology will be differently estimated by different observers. The value is surely not small: but there are none who will maintain, either that the metre and the phrase are all that are of any value in a poem, or that they are not subordinate to imagery and sentiment. Just and powerful conceptions will delight, even when divorced from elegance and harmony; but harmonious elegance may justly please, even when associated with trite or injudicious sentiments. This is a legitimate source of pleasure, and to be insensible of it is no argument of true taste.

It is with sincere regret that we find ourselves obliged to limit our praise of this elegy to the style and the measure. We wished to find, under a mantle of such glossy texture and luxuriant folds, a body, graceful, vigorous, and well proportioned. A meagre, distorted, tottering and limping frame, covered with tissue and embroidery, is always a mournful, and sometimes a disgustful spectacle. The mind is shocked by the incongruity between the vestment and the wearer, and our displeasure is increased by our disappointment. A crazy body is expected to accompany rags and rents, and its garment may be threadbare and dingy with impunity; and yet may it not be said, that a shewy garb is of more value to the skeleton than to the perfect man? The latter may shew himself, unbedecked, with more advantage than the former; and where the form beneath is disgustful or ridiculous, may we not thank the taylor who has thus dexterously covered up deformity, and afforded us, at least, the spectacle of a magnificent outside?

We are far from suggesting a similitude between such a case and the case before us. The sentiments and images of this poem are by no means such as to inspire disgust. Decency is not infringed, nor is there any thing fulsome or loathsome in it. But we must confess, that our taste finds very little to approve, and much to condemn.—The fancy that dictated this poem is not barren. The writer's understanding is, probably, not destitute of vigour; but the fertility of the one is not regulated by judgment, and the latter has been voluntarily inactive. His store of images is large, but he culls from it without taste; and his reason stands aloof, from an erroneous belief that reasoning is incompatible with poetry. Hence we rise from the perusal of this poem without any new or clearer conception of the character of him whom it is designed to honour. No graceful images hover before us; no felicities of contrast are remembered; no subtleties of inference, no visions whose congruity and symmetry awaken higher admiration, in proportion as they are more distinctly embodied and frequently recalled. On the contrary, we are sensible of having strayed through gaudy fields and sparkling grottos, where all has been gay, flitting, half-seen, and grotesque confusion: a masquerade, whose phantoms either do not linger long enough within our view to be examined, or, when scrutinized, are found to be made up of parts, dissonant, ill-assorted, and destructive of each other.

The following passage will serve as an example. It is certainly the most faulty in the poem. The candid reader, therefore, will not regard it as an adequate specimen of the whole performance.

"When Heaven's laſt trump creation's bonds ſhall *break*,
"And nature tumble one ſtupendous *wrack*,
"In lawleſs tumult worlds together ruſh,
"Suns fall on ſuns, and ſyſtems ſyſtems cruſh,

"From burſting craters flames reſiſtleſs riſe,
"And fiery ruin waſte through worlds and ſkies,
"An angel, darting from the realms of day,
"To Vernon's Mount ſhall wing his trackleſs way,
"Snatch the bright plate* that holds our hero's name,
"Preſerve *from wreck*, and reſcue from the flame.
"To Heaven's vaſt hall the prize immortal bear,
"To burn on high the brighteſt trophy there!"

To exhibit a coffin-plate, even of Washington, as the only thing rescued from the wreck of the universe, was a bold and a new experiment.

The following passages, taken from out of their connection with the preceding and following, and viewed without relation to the great theme of the poem, are beautiful.

"While, on an aged rock, by tempeſts worn,
"Pale Melancholy droops, in ſtate forlorn,
"Columbia's Genius ſat, with head reclin'd,
"And breath'd his fruitleſs ſorrows to the wind!
"With trembling hand, and viſage bath'd in tears,
"Turn'd Fate's ſtupendous roll of future years."

"In charge reſiſtleſs, dangerous in defeat,
"In victory clement, dreadful in retreat!
"Cradled 'mid arms, a ſoldier from his birth,
"He ſtood the awe and glory of the earth!"

In fine, if to take from the great store-house of language none but words authorized by poetical usage, and to arrange these in well balanced and musical numbers, make a poet, this writer's claim to be enrolled in the laureate fraternity must be admitted; but if just thoughts and congruous images be deemed requisites, we are afraid that he would run an imminent risque of being *black-balled*.

* On the coffin in which General Waſhington was buried, was an eſcutcheon of ſilver, marked with the name and age of the deceaſed.

Art. XX.

A Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of Gen. George Washington; and delivered on the 1st of January, 1800, in the Episcopal Church at New-Rochelle, in the State of New-York. By Samuel Bayard, *Esq. New-Brunswick.* Blauvelt. *pp.* 24. 8*vo.* 1800.

WE are highly pleased with the chaste and temperate strain of this discourse. In many cases this theme has suggested the wildest flights of imagination that we have ever witnessed. The orators seem to have thought that no effort could equal the greatness of their theme. They have sparkled and glittered till our sight has been dazzled, and pained; and we light, with uncommon satisfaction, on a piece of smooth and unostentatious verdure like that before us. Our sight is invigorated and refreshed, and enabled to resume its gaze upon the glaring meteors which the fashionable rhetorick is constantly darting athwart our horizon.

Mr. Bayard seems to have reduced to practice the opinion which he delivers: "his own actions, and his own sentiments, recited with the symplicity which characterized his style of writing and speaking, will ever constitute the highest eulogium of Washington." Most other orators have stretched and panted after a style, figurative, audacious, and magnificent, and have painted the subject of their praise in colours flaring and gaudy to a grotesque and ridiculous degree—in colours

from which, if Washington still possess consciousness and sensibility, he must turn away with disdain and regret.

In the discussion of a theme like this, where the merits of the dead are so well known, and so many have undertaken to blazon those merits, it will be natural to expect the same facts to be exhibited, and the same inferences drawn. The events in Washington's life will, of course, be rehearsed and commented on, and his character be placed in the same points of view. Much novelty in the topics and reasonings will scarcely be expected, and the want of it will be readily forgiven by impartial readers.

Mr. Bayard has commented on the history of Washington with more sobriety and good sense than commonly occurs, though he has not exhibited his subject in any very new or striking lights. The general, statesman, and private citizen, pass in review before him; and, at each step, he speaks the language of a rational, though not of a dubious or dissembling eulogist, and evinces a mind fully apprized of the past and present state of his country—of the difficulties and temptations which beset Washington in his progress through the world.

The oration, like most others, opens with a somewhat needless and exaggerated picture of the *grief* which the death of Washington produced. We should be unworthy to be the countrymen of him whom we commemorate, if his death actually produced the grief which is ascribed to us. Sour and malignant is that heart who does not foster the image of this great and universal benefactor with gratitude, solemnity and reverence; but to realize the scene so glaringly depicted by his eulogists, would by no means redound to our credit, as rational, or social, or political beings. Such representations are undesigned satires on the dead and on the living, and tend to degrade, instead of exalting, *his* character and *ours*.—Rhetorick, like common discourse, is best employed in telling the truth, even when the truth is disadvantageous to us; but much more so when, as in the present case, the truth is more honourable to the subject, and the hearers of the eulogy, than fiction. We know the merits of the dead too well—we have too much reverence for our God, our country, and ourselves, actually to fell *horror*, *agony*, *despair* —to utter those *sighs*, and pour forth those *tears* which more than one orator has bestowed upon us. It is not an honourable, but a childish sensibility, that should thus manifest itself; and, accordingly, not one, perhaps, in one million, has felt what the orators impute to the whole community.

The following is a favourable specimen of the mode in which the conduct of Washington is exhibited by Mr. Bayard. It respects a very interesting period in our history. The concluding paragraph is not only just but elegant.

"The pay of this army was greatly in arrear. They had received already much of what was due to them in a depreciated paper currency. In discharge of what their country still owed, the same currency and remote, unsettled lands were to form the materials of their compensation. They were about to return to the pursuits of civil life, with only the shadow of reward, for years of danger and of toil; for health impaired, and the prime of life devoted to the public service. They expected *more* of their country. Their country [*countrymen*] regretted that their exhausted resources *then* enabled them to *do* no more. The army, urged by the artful insinuations of an anonymous writer, were on the point of rising, while yet embodied, and of wrest-

ing from their country, by force, that compensation which they had in vain demanded of its justice. Never did zeal for the welfare of his country, and the honour of his army, blaze forth with greater splendour, even in the actions of a Washington, than on this occasion. By private influence; by public persuasion; by an appeal to the honour of soldiers, and the patriotism of citizens; by the regard they owed to their personal character, and their country's good; by every motive that could influence a generous mind, he conjured them to disband in peace, and to expect from the justice and gratitude of their country, what they were instigated to extort by violence. His influence was triumphant. He succeeded in preserving the honour of his army and his country from an unnatural civil war.

"This great object accomplished, we see the American Hero resigning the chief command of the army, and retiring, in private life, amid the plaudits and benedictions of his admiring country. He hoped, he believed he had now taken a final farewell of public life. His glory seemed to be complete. It appeared to be placed beyond the reach of fortune's hand, and to have had the seal of immortality impressed upon it. But no; the will of heaven had otherwise decreed. New cares and new duties await him. Again his character is to pass through the furnace of general scrutiny, and his fame once more be launched on the restless ocean of popular opinion."

We earnestly recommend the judgment displayed in the following portrait to the imitation of other painters.

"Washington, whose fame adds lustre to his age and country; in whose character were combined more exalted virtues, unalloyed by the extremes to which such virtues are most exposed, than in the character of any man of whom we have heard or read. Never did any man better understand the human character, or employ more suitable agents for the accomplishment of his views and plans. In a remarkable degree, he united genius with judgment, the enterprize of youth with the caution of age. He was brave, but not rash; fearless of death, but not prodigal of life. He possessed zeal without intemperance, liberality without profusion, and economy without avarice. His piety was rational and sincere, tinctured neither with superstition nor hyprocrisy. His dignity never wore the garb of haughtiness, nor his modesty that of affectation. Moderate in prosperity, he never lost his equanimity in misfortune. Faithful to his friends, he pitied and forgave his enemies."

Art. XXI.

An Eulogy on George Washington, late Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, who died December 14, 1799. *Delivered before the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, at the request of their Committee. By* George Richards Minot, *A. M. A. A. S. Second Edition. Boston.* Manning *and* Loring. *pp.* 24. 8*vo.* 1800.

THE bill of fare contained in the title-page did not awaken very high expectations of the coming banquet. The Commander in Chief was only Lieutenant-General, and the day and year of his death would have been proper to identify his person, if he had been liable to be mistaken for another.

We find little to praise in this discourse. It is, indeed, an eulogy, but not embellished with the lustre of a learned fancy, or surrounded by the charms of composition. The

strain sometimes sinks into the juvenile and superficial. There is sometimes a quaintness of allusion not very dignified. Thus Washington's retreat to Mount Vernon is compared to that of Moses. He is said "to retire, like that prince of meekness, to the *Mount*. We are told that "the eleventh day of February, 1732, was the birth-day of our illustrious chief, and the parish of his own name, in Westmoreland County, in Virginia, boasts itself the place of his nativity." We are likewise told, that "on the fifteenth day of June, 1775, Providence directed to his appointment as Commander in Chief of our revolutionary army." This, no doubt, was information equally desirable and new.

The following passages deserve to be distinguished as superior to the rest. He is commenting on the resignation of Washington.

"As obedience to the voice of his oppressed fellow-citizens drew his sword on the approach of war, so at the declaration of peace, by the same respected voice he restored it to its scabbard. He left them his blessing and their liberties. O human nature, how hast thou been traduced! With thee, has it been said, is essentially connected that lust of power which is insatiable; which restores not voluntarily what has been committed to its charge; which devours all rights, and resolves all laws into its own authority; which labours not for others, but seizes the fruits of their labours for itself; which breaks down all barriers of religion, society and nature, that obstruct its course; now art thou vindicated! Here we behold thee allied to virtue, worn in the service of mankind, superior to the meanness of compensation, humbly hoping for the thanks of thy country alone, faithfully surrendering the sword, with which thou wast entrusted, and yielding up power with a promptness and facility equalled only by the diffidence and reluctance with which thou receivedst it."

The closing scene is thus painted:

"Whilst we confide in his arm, and are marshalling our warriors to march under his banners, the God of armies, whose counsels are beyond the scrutiny of man, prepares for us the test of our submission to his chastising rod. It is decreed that our Washington shall die, but that his death shall be worthy of his life. He is to die by the hand of Virtue. The rapid disease which is selected as the instrument of his dissolution, instantaneously seizes him. His humanity delays the immediate aid to which alone it may yield. Inconsolable Domestics! what storms would you not have braved, what hazards would you not have encountered, to save that life which was sacrificed to your comfort and safety! At length Science flies to save him. Alas! what avails its skill against the mandate of heaven? It comes too late!—It is finished."

Art. XXII.

A Funeral Eulogy, occasioned by the Death of General Washington. Delivered Feb. 22, 1800, *before the New-York State Society of Cincinnati. By* William Linn, *D. D. New-York.* I. Collins. *pp.* 44. 8*vo.* 1800.

THIS oration is suitably introduced by reflections on the useful tendency of public acts of mourning, and monuments of gratitude, for such as have benefitted mankind, to inspire the living with similar virtues; and on the reference which ought always to be made, on those occasions, to our Maker, from whom every perfect gift is derived.

The orator then proceeds to express, in the name of his country, his veneration for the deceased, and does not scurple to set the merits of Washington above those of all others; while he paints the reverence of his countrymen as exceeding what has ever heretofore been paid by mankind to their benefactors. This reverence he applauds, as by no means disproportioned to the claims of him who is the object of it.

Praise is liberally bestowed upon the juvenile exploits of Washington; and the orator then hastens to depict his difficulties, dangers and merits, as the leader in the revolutionary war. He is then displayed in the character of civil magistrate; and, in each view, the circumstances necessary to support his claim to civil and military pre-eminence, are judiciously selected, and clothed in terms which evince the sincerity of the eulogist.

Dr. L.'s imagination catches fire from the greatness of his theme. Its light is strong, and sometimes, when reviewed in the tranquillity of the closet, may dazzle a steadfast eye; but allowances must always be made for the bold and ardent genius of popular rhetorick, and a scrupulous reader may detect errors which the hearer, yielding up his soul to a generous enthusiasm, will entirely overlook.

The following reflections on the character of Washington, will afford no unfavourable specimen of this performance.

"Though naturally reserved, yet he was not haughty. Though those who approached him felt his superiority, yet he did not assume. He blended dignity and condescension. The greatest and the smallest objects received from him a due attention. He never betrayed any symptoms of vain glory. When he was once asked, whether he had ever said, as was reported, "that he knew no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets," he answered, "If I said so, it was when I was young."* Learning to estimate justly all human glory, and matured by experience; accustomed to lofty conceptions, and moving always in the important spheres of life; impressed with a sense that he derived all from God, and that all should be devoted to his service; his deportment was noble, equally removed from the supercilious and the vain. Some men have been great at one time, and despicable at another; some men have performed a single great action, and never rose to the like again; but to him great actions seemed common. Some men have appeared great at the head of armies, or when surrounded by the trappings of power, and little when stripped of these, and alone; some men have withstood the storms of adversity, and been melted by the sunshine of prosperity; some men have possessed splendid public talents, and disgraced these by sordid private vices; but it is difficult to determine when and where Washington shone the brightest. It can only be said, that he was *uniformly* great."

The following strains will show the strength of that fancy, which glows, with undiminished ardour, throughout the greater part of this performance.

"He was honoured even in death. After all his fatigues, and though he had arrived near to the limit fixed for human life, yet his understanding was not impaired, nor his frame wasted by any lingering disease. We did not hear of his sickness, until we heard that he was no more. His acceptance of the office of Lieutenant-General of the armies is a proof that "Save my

* Gordon's History.

country, Heaven," was his last. What would have been to most men the meridian of glory, was the setting sun of Washington. With an increased orb, its parting rays paint the clouds with brightest colours, and illumine all the mountain tops.—In the full possession of his reason, and without fear of death, which he had often faced in the field, he breathed his mighty soul into the hands of his almighty and merciful Creator."

The personification which follows, is one of the highest exertions of rhetorick. To call up the dead; to produce him on the visible stage, dictating consolation to his country, and inculcating the lessons of political morality, as an arduous province in which success would lay a strong claim to admiration, while not to have completely succeeded, is scarcely a topic of censure.

The profession of this orator will account for, and justify the religious cast of some of the sentiments, and occasional allusions to the scripture; but a scrupulous reader will, perhaps, object to the parallels suggested between Moses, Gideon, Joshua, and David, and the subject of the Eulogy. He will not have the *same* reason to object to the introduction of Fabius, Hannibal, Cyrus, Scipio, Philopemen, and Pompey, and other heroes of profane story, and will be disposed to admit that the excellence of these worthies, unattended by their faults, were combined in the character of Washington.

The sermons, orations, and eulogies that have been delivered in almost every town and parish in the United States on the death of Washington, are a proof, singular and pleasing, of the love and gratitude of a whole people, and of their respect to the memory of the man, under whose guidance they have acquired their national independence and prosperity. Most of these performances are of no other value, than as public expressions of the sentiments and feelings of those before whom they were delivered. A few may survive the day, and by their intrinsic merit, or the reputation of their authors, in connection with the great and illustrious name they commemorate, be transmitted to future times. Among these few will probably be numbered the present eulogy.

Art. XXIII.

An Eulogy on General Washington, delivered before the Inhabitants of the Town of Medford, agreeably to their Vote, and at the Request of their Committee, on the 13th January, 1800. *By* John Brookes, *A.M. M.M.S. and A.A.S. Boston.* S. Hall. *8vo. pp.* 15.

THIS is a brief and simple narration of the principal events of the life of General Washington, from his youth to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, delivered in plain and perspicuous language.

Art. XXIV.

An Oration on the Death of General Washington; delivered in the Dutch Church, in New-Brunswick, on the 22d February, 1800. *By Major-General* Frederick Frelinghuysen. *New-Brunswick, New-Jersey.* Blauvelt. *8vo. pp.* 23.

THE topics of this orator are in no respect different from those we have very often noticed in the numerous publications on the same occasion. There is nothing in his style and manner that merits particular attention. His effusions of admiration and grief are those of a grateful and virtuous heart.

ART. XXV.

The WILD YOUTH: *A Comedy for Digestion, in three Acts. Translated from the German of Kotzebue, by* Charles Smith. 8*vo. pp.* 74. *New-York.* 1800.

The WILD-GOOSE CHASE: *A Play, in four Acts; with Songs. From the German of Augustus von Kotzebue. With Notes, marking the Variations from the Original. By* William Dunlap. 8*vo. pp.* 104. *Printed by* G. F. Hopkins, *for* W. Dunlap. *New-York.* 1800.

AS both of these translations are from the same German play, our remarks on them, and the play itself, will be comprised under this article. Great liberty is allowable in the adoption of dramatic titles. The original words, WILD FANG, taken in their *literal* sense, mean WILD CHASE; but it is a phrase tantamount to *mad-cap*, or a wild, hair-brained young fellow. *Wild Youth* is well enough, but a *Comedy for Digestion* sounds oddly in our ears, and is somewhat equivocal in its meaning. In the preface to the former translation* of Mr. S. it was said, that this piece was intended *only* for a *Christmas-day*, and he might easily be led to adopt the other part of the title.

It is difficult, and, perhaps, not very important, accurately to define the limits which separate farce from comedy. The chief purpose of the former is to excite laughter. The latter, while it depicts characters, manners, and the mixed scenes of life, seeks to instruct as well amuse, by examples of folly and vice, wisdom and virtue.—Farce is never serious, and is therefore contemptible. Comedy may abound with wit and humour, or may be serious and sentimental. It may even exhibit scenes of the deepest distress, and, in pathos and feeling, possess an interest as powerful as tragedy.

The play now presented to the English reader, may be classed among the best *humorous* comedies.

Frederick, Baron Wellinghorst, the hero of the piece, is a young man, just of age, wild, ardent, and impetuous, who, having lost his father, succeeds to his title and estate. After travelling over Europe with his friend and guardian, Felix, he arrives at an inn, where the whole scene of the play is laid. Having seen Nannette at church, he becomes passionately in love with her, and resolves to marry her. He discovers that the mistress of his heart, with her mother, Madame Von Brumbach, lodge in the same inn.

The mother is one of those silly and vain women who cannot endure the thought of growing old, and seeks to disguise the progress of age, by affecting the manners, and aping the follies of youth, and by keeping her daughter in the leading-strings and ignorance of childhood. Desirous of a *second* husband, she commences her attack on Piffleberg, an old batchelor, who has an estate in the neighbourhood of the inn, and who thinks of nothing but of the pleasures of shooting and the chase. He is a true sportsman, whose rough, boisterous, and free manners, form an amusing contrast to those of the lady. Her servant, Molkus, is an old disabled soldier, faithful, honest and credulous, whose love of campaigns and battles renders him the dupe of Frederick. Lisette, the maid, is a character less original—shrewd, witty, full of gaiety and good humour.

The various stratagems of Frederick, to obtain an interwiew with, and gain possession of Nannette, constitute the *action* of the play, which abounds with humorous scenes, amusing incidents, and ludicrous mistakes. The contrivance of the plot is very artful; the dialogue is lively and spirited; and

* Count of Burgundy. See Review for February.

more comic scenes were never brought together in one piece. In the last scene, Felix discovers, in Madame Von Brumbach, his wife, from whom, on account of her intolerable temper and folly, he had been separated for many years; and, in Nannette, he finds his daughter, an only child, grown up a lovely woman, whose hand he cheerfully bestows on his friend and pupil, who is thus made happy by the attainment of the object of his pursuit. Most dramatists would have concluded, by exhibiting a sudden change in the character of the mother, and a reconciliation between her and Felix. This author does not violate probability or nature by adopting so commonplace a contrivance.

Mr. Smith proposes to translate and publish all the plays of Kotzebue. We have already given our opinion of his talents as a translator, in our review of his *Count of Burgundy*. The *Wild Youth*, though it contains fewer errors than the other, is far too literal a version, and its language too flat and vulgar to afford us any pleasure in the perusal. Several passages of the original are omitted; but we do not observe that Mr. S. has exerted the undoubted power of a translator in rejecting such passages and expressions as might be unsuited to the taste and manners of his countrymen.

Mr. Dunlap is more bold and free; but this freedom is under the guidance of sound discretion. His experience, as director of the Theatre, has enabled him to discern what would be most acceptable, and to adapt his translation to the opinion and taste of the public.

He has divided the first act into two, and, by the addition of songs, made a comic opera of four acts. These songs are in the usual style of the English opera. The merit of their composition is unequal, but they contain pleasing sentiments, and the versification is tolerably easy and smooth. The alterations and additions are all duly acknowledged by him in the notes subjoined to the translation; and, as readers, or witnesses to the performance on the stage, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the liberty he has taken.

Notwithstanding our partiality for the German dramatists, we must admit that their productions contain many sentiments and expressions, which, if literally converted into English, would be offensive and disgusting. Our attachment to the authors, or their language, is not so blind as to prevent our discerning faulty opinions, or coarse and vulgar language, which need the judicious application of the pruning-knife. Dramatic works, above all others, both on account of their double impression in the closet and on the stage, and their exhibition of manners and sentiments, demand a more liberal exercise of this freedom: and, among this class of performances, those of the German, perhaps, require it most.

We have taken up translations from some of their celebrated dramas, and have been wholly disappointed of that exquisite gratification which their high reputation led us to expect. It is sometimes true, that the humble translator is obliged to bear the faults of his author; but in those instances we thought our dissatisfaction might be justly attributed to the want of judgment, and the carelessness and haste which appeared in the translations.

The power of alteration and amendment ought, indeed, to be exerted with discretion and skill, and not wantonly, or with rash precipitation. The legitimate purpose of a translator should be to amuse or instruct his countrymen, by the transfusion of a foreign production into their native tongue.

If he cannot so instruct and delight them as to contribute to their moral improvement or innocent amusement, he ought rather to suffer the works to remain in the obscurity of their original language. He who has talents to attain that end, or to improve upon the author, or even to reflect his image in pure and appropriate colours, though he may not claim it, is certainly entitled to some share of the praise which is bestowed on the original writer.

When we admit that we derived higher pleasure from the perusal of *Wild-Goose Chase* than from *Der Wild Fang*, it will not be saying too much to ascribe that degree of credit to its translator.

We shall select, as a specimen, a scene in which most license has been used in deviating from the original: and, by comparing the same part with the *literal* version of Mr. S. the reader will be able to judge of the nature and extent of the alterations made by Mr. Dunlap and to form some opinion of the merits of both.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Enter* FREDERICK *as a hair-dresser.*

'*Frederick.* Beg pardon, ladies; am I right? *(Putting his head in at the door.)*

'*Lisette. (Smiling)* Yes, indeed, in every possible form.

'*M. B.* Whom do you want, friend?

'*Fred.* The celebrated and amiable Madame Von Brumbach. *(Entering.)*

'*M. B.* I am Madame Von Brumbach.

'*Lis. (Aside to Nannette.)* It is the Baron.

'*Nan. (Shrieks.)* Ah!

'*M. B.* What ails the child?

'*Lis.* You have made her so afraid of lovers, that even this powder-puff frightens her.

'*Nan.* Must I run away, mamma, if I see one?

'*M. B.* Not if I am present.

'*Fred. (Archly)* I think, madam, they say that children cut their eye-teeth very soon in this country.

'*M. B.* Children are very forward. But pray, my friend, what do you want here?

'*Fred.* I wish to have the felicity of putting your silken hair in curls.

'*M. B.* Your trouble is in vain. I have a hair-dresser.

WILD YOUTH.

'FREDERICK *(dressed like a hair-dresser, with a powder-bag under his arm, puts his head into the door.)*

'*Fred.* I beg pardon; do I *come right here?*

'*Lis. (Laughing)* Indeed *in all manner of shape.*

'*Brumb.* Whom are you looking for, my friend?

'*Fred.* I am looking for the amiable Baroness Brumbach.

'*Brumb.* I am the same; but speak with reverence.

'*Fred.* In my country love and reverence are inseparable.

'*Lis. (Aside to Nannette)* Miss, this is the young Baron.

'*Nan. (Cries)* Ah!

'*Brumb.* What ails you?

'*Nan.* Nothing, dear mamma.

'*Lis.* You frighten her so much *about the lovers.*

'*Nan.* Must I then run away when I see one?

'*Brumb.* Yes, if I am not present.

'*Fred.* In this country children become knowing very early.

'*Brumb.* 'Tis so my friend; but what's your desire?

'*Fred.* I wish to have the honour to put your silken locks into curls.

'*Brumb.* You have taken this trouble in vain: I have a hair-dresser.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Fred.* Certainly, madam, he is my master. He is sick, madam, and has sent me in his place.

'*M. B.* Ah! so, so! What ails him?

'*Fred.* He is—sick, madam, sick—very sick.

'*M. B.* But his disorder?

'*Fred.* Yes, madam—true—he has the—the—broken-leg, madam—the broken-leg.

'*M. B.* Poor man! How did it happen?

'*Fred.* He happened to be—Heaven knows why—upon the top of St. Agathy's steeple, and, in descending, his foot slipped and he fell down seventy-seven steps. Seventy-seven—I counted them myself.

'*M. B.* Top of a steeple! Well, he that ascends high may fall low. But what business had a hair-dresser at the top of a steeple?

'*Lis.* They wish to be always busy about the head.

'*Fred.* Ha! ha! ha! The lady is right—even about the head of the church. *I* should be happy to take the Pope by the nose. *(Imitating the action of shaving.)* But my master was in the line of his profession, madam, even at the top of a steeple. Did your ladyship ever see St. Agathy's church?

'*M. B.* Lisette bring my dressing-gown. *(To him.)* Never. *(Lisette goes for the gown.)*

'*Fred.* Nearly at the top of the steeple is a statue of the Saint, with a beautiful fox-coloured wig, which, being out of curl, my master was sent by order of the vestry to put the holy hair in buckle.

'*Lis. (Having put the gown over her mistress and seated her in front of the stage)* Good fellow, have you long exercised your profession?

'*Fred. (Beginning to dress)* I hope soon to be a master.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Fred.* Quite right, he is my employer: he has been taken sick, and sends me instead *of him.*

'*Brumb.* So, so, what ails him then?

'*Fred.* He——has broke his leg.

'*Brumb.* Poor man: how did that happen?

'*Fred.* He went up the steeple of St. *Ann's* church: on his return he *glided*, and fell down seventy-seven feet.

'*Brumb.* Yes, yes, he that climbs high falls low——Lisette, give me my dressing-gown.

'*Lis. (Bringing the dressing-gown)* My friend, have you been a long while at this trade?

'*Fred.* I hope soon to be master ——*(Begins dressing)*

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Lis.* Then I suppose you will marry?

'*Fred.* *(Looking at Nannette)* If I can obtain the object of my love.

'*M. B.* What countryman are you?

'*Fred.* From Alsace, my lady—an emigrant—if I should be known, I am undone.

'*M. B.* You must be on your guard.

'*Fred.* I shall take care to deceive those who will suffer themselves to be blinded.

'*M. B.* There you are right. Have you many customers.

'*Fred.* I forget them all when with your ladyship.

'*M. B.* You are an odd fellow. Do you dress the Lady Hensberg?

'*Fred.* The Lady Hensberg? O, yes.

'*M. B.* How old do you think she is?

'*Fred.* How old? Why—a—your ladyship might be her daughter.

'*M. B.* *(Smiling.)* Oh, no! not so much as that. She is some years younger than I am.

'*Fred.* Is it possible? *(He shews Nannette a letter. She appears anxious, pleased, and timid. Lisette takes the letter, and reaches behind Frederick to Nannette, who approaches and takes the letter from her.)*

'*M. B.* But it is very natural that she should look so old; the dissipated life she leads———

'*Fred.* Her husband ought to restrain her.

'*M. B.* She has no longer a husband.

'*Fred.* True—true—that is true enough—she is a widow———

'*M. B.* No—she is divorced.

'*Fred.* Ah! true; divorced. A widow or divorced, or divorced or a widow, it's all one.

'*M. B.* *(To Nannette, who is going off with the letter)* Where are you going child?

WILD YOUTH.

'*Lis.* Then you'll marry, I suppose?

'*Fred.* *(Looking stealingly at Nannette)* O yes, if my love is not rejected.

'*Brumb.* What countryman are you?

'*Fred.* I am an emigrant from Alsace, if I am found out I am lost.

'*Brumb.* You must take care.

'*Fred.* I take all possible pains to deceive all those who want to be deceived.

'*Brumb.* You are right. Have you many customers in this city?

'*Fred.* I forget them all when I am with you, Baroness.

'*Brumb.* You are a droll. Do you dress the Baroness Hengstburg?——

'*Fred.* Baroness Hengstburg? O yes.

'*Brumb.* How old do you think that lady *may be?*

'*Fred.* Baroness Hengstburg? ——how old?——You, my lady, might be her daughter.

'*Brumb.* *(Smiling)* Not so old. She is a few years younger than *I.*

'*Fred.* Is it possible! *(He shows Nannette his letter—Lisette takes it and gives it to her.)*

'*Brumb.* But *it is natural that she looks so old. Irregular living.*

'*Fred.* If I was her husband, *I would keep her short.*

'*Brumb.* She is a widow.

'*Fred.* True, she is a widow.

'*Brumb.* No, they are separated.

'*Fred.* Or separated, the same thing.

'*Nan.* *(Is going away with the letter.)*

'*Brumb.* Where are you going?

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Nan.* To my room, mamma.

'*M. B.* Stay here. There is nothing for you to do there. Stay here. *(To Frederick.)* So, the revolution drove you from home?

'*Fred.* Yes, madam. They wanted to force liberty down my throat; but I *(looking significantly at Nannette)* prefer slavery.

'*M. B.* Why, certainly, hair-dressers are the servants of luxury———

'*Fred.* I would willingly fly to England, but since Pitt has laid a tax on hair-powder, the English have all become crops; and, unless wigs can be brought in, the profession must starve.

'*M. B.* Lisette, pray give me——*(As she turns she sees Nannette reading the letter.)* Pray, Miss, what have you got there?

'*Nan. (Frightened)* Nothing, mamma—nothing.

'*M. B.* Nothing. Let me see, immediately, what nothing looks like. Bring it hither instantly.

'*Nan.* It is not nothing, mamma. it is—it is—*(Distressed.)*

'*Lis.* It is—a paper—*(Confused.)*

'*M. B.* Will you not obey me? *(Rises.)*

Fred. O ho! What, Miss, have you got the letter out of my powder-bag? that's a good joke—Ha! ha! ha! *(Takes the letter.)*

'*M. B.* What letter?

'*Fred.* I don't think the young lady would have done it, but that little thief of a chamber-maid of yours has taken it out———

'*Lis. (Taking the hint)* Little thief, indeed—a pretty appellation: though I did take the thing out of your nasty bag, I won't be called thief, so I won't. *(Pretending to weep.)* You powder-puff: you wash-ball: razor-strap——*(Pretending rage, and following him as if to box his ears.)* Bravo, Baron, it will do!

WILD YOUTH.

'*Nan.* To my room.

'*Brumb.* Stay, you have nothing to do there. *(Nannette opens the letter slily.)*

'*Brumb.* Has the revolution driven you from your country?

'*Fred.* To my sorrow! They wanted to force liberty upon me, and *(casting a glance on Nannette)* I love servitude so much—

'*Brumb.* Hair-dressers are the slaves of luxury.

'*Fred.* I intended to fly to England; but since Pitt has laid a tax upon hair-powder, not much is to be gained there.

'*Brumb.* Lisette give me—*(Turning her head she perceives Nannette reading.)* He—Miss, what have you got there?

'*Nan. (Frightened)* Nothing, dear mamma.

'*Brumb.* Nothing? I will see it. Here with it!

'*Nan.* It is———it is———

'*Lis.* It is a paper———

'*Brumb.* Will you obey?

'*Fred.* Ah! most likely the letter I had in my powder-bag.

'*Brumb.* What letter?

'*Fred.* Your roguish chamber-maid, I dare say, has stole it out of the bag.

'*Lis.* You might have chosen a more civil expression.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* Am I to know the meaning of all this?

Fred. Sit down serene lady, and compose yourself: you shall know all, though I betray my indiscretion.

'*M. B. (Sits again)* Well, well!

'*Fred.* I rely upon your generosity—you shall know all.

'*Nan. (To Lisette, who now stands with her)* Sure he won't tell, Lisette?

'*Lis.* I think we may trust him: he has taken his degrees, and is *master of arts* tho' only a *bachelor*.

'*Fred.* Between ourselves, my lady—but for heaven's sake do not betray me—this letter is addressed to the Lady Hensberg. I saw it this morning, as I went to dress her: it lay open on her toilette—my eye caught a phraze—curiosity was awakened—and, in short, I whipt it into my powder-bag. If you will permit, I will read it to your ladyship.

'*M. B.* You may read it my friend—you may read it. Nannette, go to your chamber.

'*Fred.* O dear! my lady—a little girl like that would not understand it.

'*M. B.* I am unwilling to let children hear such things. But, however, you may stay and take a lesson against the wickedness of the world, and the impudence of lovers.

'*Fred. (Reads, and addresses the whole to Nannette.)* "Beautiful and amiable creature"—

'*M. B.* "Beautiful!" See, Nannette, what gross flattery.

'*Fred.* "I have only seen you once, but my heart is yours forever. As you came out of church yesterday"——

'*M. B.* That's all she goes to church for.

'*Fred.* "Leaning on the arm of your ugly old mother"——

WILD YOUTH.

'*Brumb.* Shall I soon be informed of the thing in question?

'*Fred.* Between us, madam; but you must not betray me: it is a letter to the Baroness Hengstburg.

'*Brumb.* To that lady? Let me see it.

'*Fred.* When I dressed her hair, this morning, I found it upon the toilet.

'*Brumb.* How imprudent!

'*Fred.* And in that instant it was in my bag. With your permission I'll read it to you.

'*Brumb.* Read my friend. Go to your room, Nannette.

'*Fred.* Why? the young Miss will not understand any thing of it.

'*Brumb.* Children should not hear such things. Yet you may stay to draw good advice from it.

'*Fred. (Reads, throwing glances at Nannette)* "My dear amiable creature!"—

'*Brumb.* Very fine! she has grey eyes, and freckles in her face.

'*Fred. (Reads)* "I saw you but once, but my heart is yours for ever"—

'*Brumb.* The fool! what is his name?

'*Fred.* The letter has no signature.

'*Brumb.* Read on.

'*Fred. (Reads)* "When you came from church yesterday"—

'*Brumb.* From church! that woman never goes to church.

'*Fred. (Reads)* "At the side of your ugly old mother"——

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* That's true enough, the mother is an ugly old woman, and as mischievous as a cat!

'*Lis.* And as vain as a peacock.

'*Fred.* And as stupid as a goose.

'*M. B.* Mischievous, stupid, and vain. An excellent picture. Ha! ha! ha! Go on.

'*Fred.* "You looked like Hebe, led by the old Cybele. I am young, rich, and love you unspeakably. Accept the hand of a youth who means honourably, and will deliver you from the tyranny of a mother."

'*M. B.* That I never heard of the mother—she does but too much as the daughter wishes.

'*Fred.* "Let us endeavour to deceive her"—

'*M. B.* That will not be difficult.

'*Lis.* I think not, my lady.

'*Fred.* "And if she continues her odious tyranny and preposterous jealousy, fly into the arms of him who adores you."

'*M. B.* An elopement too! How I shall laugh at the old woman!

'*Lis.* I think the young gentleman has explained himself clearly enough.

'*Nan.* Very clearly.

'*M. B.* *(To Nannette)* It must be clear, indeed, if you could understand it.

'*Lis.* What would you say, Miss, if any one should write you such a letter?

'*Nan.* I would not suffer any one to laugh at my mother.

'*Lis* Then you would dismiss the flaming youth?

'*Nan.* Why—no—not so—

'*M. B.* How can you embarrass the poor child by such questions?

'*Nan.* Indeed, mamma, I am very much embarrassed.

'*M. B.* So, lady Hensberg is in a secret correspondence with a young unknown. Ha! ha! ha!

'*Fred.* I have found him out already.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Brumb.* True; her mother is an ugly old woman, and as malicious as a cat.

'*Lis.* And as vain as a peacock.

'*Fred.* And as stupid as a goose.

'*Brumb.* Malicious, vain and stupid, an excellent picture, ha! ha! ha!

'*Fred.* and *Lis.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

'*Brumb.* Proceed.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "I am young, rich, and in love with you"—

'*Brumb.* Three fine things.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "I love you inexpressibly"—

'*Brumb.* My God! it becomes quite flat.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "Give your hand to a young man, who means it honest"—

'*Brumb.* A lover's honesty is suspicious.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "Whose birth is equal to yours, and who will deliver you from your mother's tyranny"—

'*Brumb.* I don't know that. The mother complies with every thing her daughter wants.

'*Fred.* "Let us try to deceive your mother"—

'*Brumb.* That's not very difficult.

'*Fred.* "And if all is in vain, then you fly to the arms of him who adores you."

'*Brumb.* Even an elopement? This was yet wanting?——How I shall laugh at the old woman!—— Is that tender pallaver at an end?

'*Fred.* Not a syllable more.

'*Lis.* But I think the young gentleman has been very explicit.

'*Nan.* Very explicit.

'*Brumb.* He has, indeed, if even you have understood it.

'*Lis.* What would you say, Miss Nannette, if such a letter was written to you?

'*Nan.* I would not suffer my mother to be made a jest of.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* Indeed! Who? who?

'*Fred.* A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

'*M. B.* Well, I must mention this to three or four of my most intimate friends.

'*Enter* HAIR-DRESSER.

'*Hair.* A ha! me lady, pardonnez moi, I hope you have not vait.

'*M. B.* Bless me! monsieur, are you out of your bed?

'*Hair.* "Me bed!" Ma foi, vy I av a been up—up—up———

'*M. B.* Yes, I know it—up to the top of the steeple.

'*Hair.* Steeple!

'*M. B.* To dress St. Agathy's wig.

'*Hair.* Parblieu! me lady, vat vig?

'*Lis.* Did you not put her holy hair in buckle?

'*Hair.* Vat buckle?

'*Nan.* And fall down seventy-seven steps?

'*Hair.* Seventy-seven?

'*Lis.* And broke your leg?

'*Hair.* Diable, vat you mean?

'*Fred.* You might have broke your leg, ha! you *might* have broke it.

'*Hair.* Me broke a me leg? A ha! *(Capers.)*

'*Fred.* But you happily escaped with a sprain. A sprain; ha?

'*Hair.* Sprain! Vat you call sprain?

'*M. B.* Why then did you send your journeyman?

'*Hair.* Me shoorneyman?

'*Fred. (Making signs to him)* Yes, sir, you know you sent me to dress this lady.

'*Hair.* For vat I sent you, ven I have a good pair of legs myself; ha?

'*Fred.* But you do not dress hair with your legs, sir.

'*Hair.* Me lady, dis is some treek—dis a fellow is imposteur.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Lis.* Then you would reject the ardent youth.

'*Nan.* Not just that.

'*Brumb.* How can you put the poor child in such a confusion?

'*Nan.* I am confused, indeed, dear mamma.

'*Brumb.* And so Baroness Hengstburg entertains a secret correspondence with a young unknown one.

'*Fred.* I know who he is.

'*Brumb.* Well, quick!

'*Fred.* A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

'*Brumb.* Baron Wellinghorst? aye! aye! at our tea-party this evening I must communicate it to four of my most intimate friends.

'SCENE X. *Enter a Hair-dresser.*

'*Hair-dresser.* Madam, your most humble servant.

'*Brumb.* My God, sir, have you not broke your leg?

'*Hair-dr.* Broke my leg?

'*Lis.* Did you not get upon the steeple of St. *Ann's* church?

'*Hair-dr.* Upon St. *Ann's* steeple?

'*Nan.* And fell down seventy and seven feet?

'*Fred.* But you might have broke your leg?

'*Hair-dr.* Might have broke my leg?

'*Fred.* This time he got off with a bruise.

'*Hair-dr.* With a bruise? I do not understand a word of all that.

'*Brumb.* Why, then have you sent your journeyman to me?

'*Fred. (Winking to him)* My dear master have you not ordered me to dress this lady?

'*Hair-dr.* Not at all! as long as I have a sound pair of legs I can serve my customers myself.

'*Fred.* But you do not dress hair with your legs———

'*Hair-dr.* This fellow is an impostor.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Fred.* *(Getting before him, and offering him money with his hand behind)* Understand me.

'*Hair.* For vat I understand? Get out of de vay. I understand you for von dam impudent fellow. Ma foi! Vere is your certificate?

'*Fred.* Here, here. *(Endeavouring to put money in his hand.)*

'*Hair.* No here, here; nor dere, dere—I vont sell a de trade to vagabon—I vont sell a de bread out a me mout.

'*Nan.* Oh, Lisette! I am in an agony.

'*M. B.* This man then is not your journeyman?

'*Hair.* No more dan is your lapdog ma shoorneyman. He is imposteur—vagabon—

'*M. B.* What has induced you to intrude yourself into my presence?

'*Fred.* *(Somewhat in caricature)* It is vain any longer to attempt to deceive a lady whose penetration would baffle the art of the most experienced in the wiles of Cupid, much more of me a simple youth. I will confess, my lady——

'*Nan.* It is all over with us, Lisette.

'*Fred.* I am a poor unfortunate lad. I saw you, my lady, in your yellow sattin gown—I had a glimpse of you—need I say more?

'*M. B.* What do you mean?

'*Fred.* I remembered the old saying, "a cat may look at a king." I gazed and was undone. If it is a crime to love, let nature bear the blame, who gave *me* such a heart, *you* such a face.

'*M. B.* Lisette give me my fan.

'*Lis.* To hide her blushes or her wrinkles? *(Brings the fan, while Frederick proceeds)*—

'*Fred.* My passion went hand in hand with discretion. I only wished to see you; to be near you: and, as the means, fell upon this innocent stratagem.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Fred.* *(Tries to put some money in his hands)* You do not understand me right.

'*Hair-dr.* There is nothing to understand. I see you are a stupid fellow; where are your customers?

'*Fred.* *(Endeavours again to put money into his hands)*——Here, here.

'*Hair-dr.* Nothing here! I have a few sixpences yet to drink a pot of beer with.

'*Nan.* *(Aside)* I am frightened to death!

'*Brumb.* He is then not in your employ?

'*Hair-dr.* No more than your Mops. He is an impostor, a vagrant.

'*Brumb.* Young fellow! what has put it into your head to intrude yourself into my house?

'*Fred.* *(Collecting himself)* Well, I will confess it: I am an unfortunate youth——I saw you, madam! ——I saw you!——is not that saying all?

'*Brumb.* And what is that to signify?

'*Fred.* If love is a crime, then may he pardon me who made my heart so feeling and you so charming!——I was seized with the most violent passion, yet I did not lose sight of modesty. The only wish I had was to see you; to be near you. I meditated on the means, and fell upon this innocent disguise. But my lips would never have uttered, what forever may drive me from your presence. *(He kneels down.)* Punish me now! punish in me the power of your attractions!

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Hair.* Innocent! Ma foi! take a de bread out a me mout!

'*Fred.* But never should my lips have uttered these words, but for this untoward discovery. For now I must be banished forever from your presence. *(Kneels.)* Punish me now! Complete the work your charms have begun!

'*M. B.* You are a foolish young man. But rise. I pardon you.

'*Fred.* Alas!—I must then go! *(Looking at Nannette.)* But I leave my heart behind.

'*M. B.* Who told you you must go? You are a foolish youth, but you may be improved. You see, monsieur, there is nothing to be done with this young fellow.

'*Hair.* Nothing to be done? Ma foi! I go to de magistrate, and put him in de ouse of correction.

'*M. B.* If I pardon him, surely you may.

'*Hair.* He take a noting from you me lady, but he spoil a me trade. Pity me me lady—Listen and pity.

'SONG. HAIR-DRESSER.

'Tink, me lady, only tink,
'Take avay me meat and drink;
'How ſhall make de kittle boil?
'Vat ſhall do for vife and ſhile?
'Do I havn't break me leg,
'I ſhall have me bread to beg.

'Den he tell de lie ſo big;—
'Say I dreſs de ſteeple vig.
'Now, me lady, as I live;
'As I hope me ſin forgive;
'De only vig I dreſs in town,
'Gracious lady, is—your own.

'*M. B.* Vulgar fellow! In short, sir, here is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please, and I take this young man for my valet de chambre.

'*Fred. (Kisses her hand)* You give me life again!

'*Hair.* He dress hair? Only see vat a fright he as made of your vig.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Brumb.* My friend, you either tell a lie, or you are a fool. Get up, I pardon you.

'*Fred. (Rises)* Ah! I must be gone! *(With a glance at Nannette.)* But my heart remains behind!

'*Brumb.* Who tells you that you are to go? You are a young good-for-nothing fellow, who might be mended by reasonable correction ———You see, dear Mr. Hair-dresser, that nothing can be done with this young man.

'*Hair-dr.* Nothing be done? he must go to Bridewell.

'*Brumb.* If I excuse his boldness you may do the same.

'*Hair-dr.* Your ladyship does not lose a single cent by it, but he quacks into my business.

'*Brumb.* In short, master, there is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please; I take this young man into my service, as valet de chambre.

'*Fred. (Kisses her hand with ecstacy)* You restore me to life again.

'*Hair-dr.* But he does not understand hair-dressing. Only see how he towzed your hair.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* That's nothing to you, fellow. Begone!

'*Hair.* I vill complain to de police—

'*Lis.* Do you not hear, fellow? Begone!

'*Hair.* I vill ave you vipt out a town.

'*M. B.* My valet de chambre whipt? You are an impudent fellow.

'*Lis.* A fool!

'*Nan.* A brute!

'*Fred.* An envious fellow! *(Pushing him.)*

'*Hair.* You take a de bread out a me mout—

'*Fred.* Away!

'*Hair.* As to de lady, you ver velcome to dress a her old stinking hairs—

'*Fred.* Out of the house!'

WILD YOUTH.

'*Brumb.* That's nothing to you. Be off!

'*Hair-dr.* Take care, young fellow; I shall complain to the police of you.

'*Lis.* Don't you hear? you are to go.

'*Hair-dr.* I shall get you drummed out of town.

'*Brumb.* Drum my valet de chambre out of the city? you ruffian!

'*Lis.* He is a fool!

'*Nan.* An unpolished fellow!

'*Fred.* An envious rascal!

'*Hair-dr.* You are a *bread thief!* a good-for-nothing rogue!

'*Fred.* and *Lis.* *(Pushing him towards the door)* Go! go! out with you!'

Mr. D.'s plan of translation is more extensive than that of Mr. S. It comprehends all the German plays which are or may be exhibited on the New-York Theatre. The *Wild-Goose Chase* is the first of the proposed series, which it is intended to publish under the title of the GERMAN THEATRE. The literary life of the author, written by himself, is perfixed by Mr. D. and will be acceptable to the admirers of Kotzebue. Those who are fond of handsome books will be gratified with the style in which this appears, and with the engraved heads of the author, and Mr. Hodgkinson, the principal performer.

ART. XXVI.

A Discourse, delivered December 29, 1799, *the Lord's-Day immediately following the melancholy Tidings of the Loss sustained by the Nation, in the Death of its most eminent Citizen,* George Washington. *By* David Osgood, *D. D. Pastor of the Church in Medford.* 8*vo. pp.* 19. *Boston.* S. Hall. 1800.

THIS is a plain, serious, and sensible discourse. Among the numerous publications which have been made on the same subject, it does not rank very high. Still, however, we do not think it falls below mediocrity. Dr. Osgood's mode of depicting General Washington's character, though not very discriminating or new, has little of that affectation and extravagance which we have too often seen displayed. On the whole, he treats the character, and the dispensation of Providence, on which his discourse is founded, in a manner becoming a minister of religion, who, while he gives due praise to the creature, ascribes all the glory ultimately to the Creator.

In Mr. O.'s style there is nothing remarkable. It is, in general, perspicuous and forcible. A few sentences are perplexed, tedious and feeble; but the greater part of the

discourse is not chargeable with these faults in an unusual degree.

The following is a specimen of Mr. O.'s manner of writing:

"Characters like these, my brethren, will bear the closest scrutiny. The more minutely you examine them, the more rigidly you try them by the test of reason, truth and rectitude, the more you will be constrained, in your hearts, to admire, reverence, esteem, and love them. The lustre of their most splendid actions, instead of being lessened, is heightened and increased by taking into view the excellence of their motives.

"Some such characters, my hearers, through the different ages, and among the different nations of the world, have exalted and adorned human nature, and shed a benign influence on human affairs. So seldom, indeed, has been their appearance, that they have been mere phenomena in the earth. With such a phenomenon, however, in its most full and perfect state, it has pleased the Almighty to bless, honour, and distinguish the inhabitants of this new world, above all modern nations. Nay, I do not remember to have read in any volume of profane history, whether ancient or modern, nor even in the fictions of romance, of a single character so exempt from every spot of vice, every shade of weakness or indiscretion; so complete in the abilities of a General, in the talents of a Statesman, in the virtues of a Citizen, and, in all other respects, equal to Him, who, at the call of his country, headed our armies through the long series of trying scenes, which attended our revolution; whose influence saved our all from being lost by division; held together, or, at least, was the most important tie in preventing the disjunction and dissolution of the first slender and ill-cemented union of these States; who presided on the great occasion, when, by an ameliorated national compact, they were consolidated; when the admirable machine of our present general government was constructed; who put this machine in motion, and, through the course of eight years, so guided its operations as to enable his fellow-citizens fully to enjoy all its signal advantages; and after having retired, with the utmost dignity and honour, from the cares of state, to spend the short remains of life in preparation for its closing scene; foreign violence and intrigue, combined with the turbulent, malignant spirit of domestic faction, rearing their gorgon form, and menacing the fair fabric which his labours had been so instrumental in raising, his patriotic ardour grew indignant; stepping back from his beloved retreat, he again brandished his sword; and, with all the majesty of heaven-inspired virtue, frowned on the rebel-rout of 'demons let loose.' At this awful juncture, Divine Providence removed him from a world no longer worthy of such goodness."

Miſcellaneous Articles of Literary and Philoſophical Intelligence.

Domestic.

A TREATISE concerning Political Enquiry, and the Liberty of the press, by Tunis Wortman, Esquire, has just been published by Mr. Samuel Campbell.

Mr. Folwell is printing the Journals of the Old Congress, and of

those under the new Constitution, together with the reports of the several officers of departments, and select committees. The work will be completed in thirteen volumes 8vo.

Chancellor Livingston, in a letter to Dr. Mitchill of the 14th March, asserts his claim as original discoverer of the use of the *Conferva rivularis* in making paper. He states that about nine or ten years ago, he remarked on the bed of a rivulet, which was then dried, some of the conferva which had become whitened, and good paper, though brittle. Some of this *self-formed* paper he deposited, the ensuing winter, in the Museum of Mr. Gardiner Baker in this city, and though he often mentioned the discovery to his friends, the experiment of manufacturing the paper was not made until August, 1799.

From the circumstances mentioned by Chancellor Livingston, as well as from the testimony of Mr. Delabigarre, to whom he communicated the discovery in 1797, there can be no doubt that he was wholly ignorant of a similar discovery made by *Mr. Senger*, of *Westphalia*, and has, therefore, an independent and just claim to all the merit that may be attached to the invention.

The Chancellor states the conferva used by him, to be a large species of the *conferva fluviatalis*, growing to many feet in height, in Hudson's river.

The Booksellers of Philadelphia, are seeking to rival those of London, in elegant editions of valuable works. *Mr. James Humphreys*, is printing by subscription, "Mungo Park's Travels in the interior of Africa," in large 8vo. on the best paper, with a large map of the route of Mr. Park through Africa. An abstract of this work has been given in the first volume of this Magazine; and our readers will now be gratified with the whole of this very interesting performance, which will make its appearance in May next. Mr. Humphreys has also issued proposals for publishing, in Weekly Numbers, "The History, civil and commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies: In two volumes 4to. By Bryan Edwards, Esquire; to which will be added, from the pen of the same author, an account of the proceedings in regard to the *Maroon Negroes* in Jamaica, with observations on their character and manners, and a detail of the origin, progress, and determination of the *Maroon* war in that Island: Also, an Historical view of St. Domingo, its political state, population, productions and exports, and the events which have happened there to the end of the year 1794." This edition will likewise be illustrated with a large map of the West Indies, and ten other maps of particular Islands, and embellished with eight copperplate prints.

This publication will be completed in fifty numbers, the price of each 25 cents. The very high and deserved reputation this work has long enjoyed, and the present additions and embellishments, will strongly recommend it to the American reader, to whom the information it contains is peculiarly valuable and interesting.

Messrs. Dickins and Maxwell are reprinting, in an elegant manner, from the last London edition, the *Pursuits of Literature;* a work which has attracted more attention, and received higher praise, than almost any other literary performance in the present age.

The moderate price of two dollars, at which this edition is offered, will extend its circulation in the United States, where it is little known. The author is said to be *Mr. Matthias*, a Clerk in the Queen's Treasury.

POETRY.

ODE

On HOME.

By JOHN DAVIS.

DEAR native ſoil! where once my feet
Were wont thy flow'ry paths to roam,
And where my heart would joyful beat,
From India's climes reſtor'd to home;
Ah! ſhall I e'er behold you more,
And cheer again a parent's eye?
A wand'rer from thy bliſsful ſhore,
Thro' endleſs troubles doom'd to ſigh?

Or ſhall I, penſive and forlorn,
Of penury be yet the prey,
Long from thy grateful boſom torn,
Without a friend to guide my way.
Hard is the hapleſs wand'rer's fate,
Tho' bleſt with magic power of ſong;
Succeſſive woes his ſteps await,
Unheeded by the worldly throng!

ODE

To a MEDICAL FRIEND.

By the ſame.

SINCE on the ocean's boundleſs deep
Once more impell'd by fate you go,
The muſe the trembling wire would ſweep,
And ſoft invoke each gale to blow.

Long has it been our lot to roam,
With hearts by friendſhip's cement bound,
(The world at large our only home)
O'er many a wide expanſe of ground.

At PHILADEPHIA's ſad confine,
Where death ſtalk'd round with aſpect wild,
We ſaw the widow vainly pine,
And heard the mother mourn her child:

While deſolation mark'd the ſcene,
And groans of dying fill'd each gale,
Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,
Nor ſong re-echo'd from the dale.

May no ſuch griefs again demand
The ſigh of pity from thy breaſt,
But jocund pleaſure's mirthful band,
Sooth ev'ry baleful care to reſt.

Then feſtive let thy moments flow,
While round thee roars the briny flood,
May ev'ry breeze auſpicious blow,
And nought provoke the wat'ry god.

ODE

To the MOCKING-BIRD.

By the ſame.

SWEET bird, whoſe imitative ſtrain,
Of all thy tribe can perſonate the note,
And with a burthen'd heart complain,
Or to the ſong of joy attune thy throat;
To thee I touch the ſtring,
While at my caſement, from the neigh-b'ring tree,
Thou hail'ſt the coming ſpring,
And plaintive pour'ſt thy voice, or mock'ſt with merry glee.

Thou bringeſt to my mind,
The characters we find
Amid the motley ſcenes of human life;
How very few appear
The garb of truth to wear!
But with a borrow'd voice, conceal a heart of ſtrife.

Sure then with wiſdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught
Diſſembled joy in others to deride;
And when the mournful heart
Aſſumes a ſprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.

But when, with midnight ſong,*
Thou ſing'ſt the woods among,
And ſofter feelings in the breaſt awake;
Sure then thy rolling note
Does ſympathy denote,
And ſhews thou can'ſt of others' grief partake.

* It is a fact that the mocking-bird ſings beſt at midnight, which I am enabled to affirm *de ipſo facto*.

Pour out thy lengthen'd ſtrain,
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy ſorrows in the mournful lay;
Thy moving tale reveal,
Make me ſoft pity feel,
I love in ſilent woe to paſs the day.

Sad was the ſcene! dejecting was the ſight,
Of bodies carried by the moon's pale light,
Where the drear church-yard's ſatiated cave,
At ev'ry part diſplay'd the riſing grave!

PLAGUE *at* PHILADELPHIA.

Quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi!

By the ſame.

HERE, penſive muſe, in pity drop the tear
O'er the dead body, o'er th' untimely bier,
To parent, kindred, tune thy plaintive ſtrains,
That felt the peſtilence conſume their veins;
Their loſs deplore! and raiſe the penſive ſigh
For thoſe who mourn with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye,
A father, child, a brother, or a friend,
That healing pity once themſelves could lend.

If o'er this ſcene a retroſpect we take,
How ev'ry object ſorrow doth awake!
Here! in the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the night,
The bleeding heart wept o'er the chilling ſight
Of victims ſeiz'd with peſtilential blaſt,
In painful anguiſh breathing out their laſt:
In each ſad ſtreet was heard the dying moan,
And ev'ry gale came loaded with a groan!

Here widows' weeping o'er their huſbands' bier,
With looks diſtracted drop the briny tear;
Or rend the air with pity-moving ſtrains,
That echo from the walls, the hills, the neighbouring plains!
There tender mothers act a feeling part,
And mourn their children with a burſting heart;
While friendleſs orphans in the ſtreets are found,
Who view their parents lifeleſs on the ground.

IN ME-IPSUM.

By the ſame.

SHOULD ſome lone trav'ller, that delights in ſong,
Aſk on what ſpot my lays I did recite,
From thoſe who live theſe gloomy woods among,
Where neither hill nor dale rejoice the ſight;

Haply the genius of the place may ſay—
"'Twas here he ſought in poeſy relief,
"And oft in mournful mood ſigh'd out the day,
"Or touch'd the lyre to ſimpleſt ſounds of grief.

"But yet his pipe of rudeſt minſtrelſy,
"No heart to tender ſympathy could move,
"For here no breaſt e'er felt the ecſtacy
"Which thoſe partake, who Phœbus' favours prove.

"Along the road, near yon deſerted grove,
"Where ſcarce a footſtep e'er imprints the green,
"Muſing, at early dawn, he lov'd to rove,
"And ponder o'er the ſolitary ſcene.

"One morn I miſs'd him in his cuſtom'd walk;
"His lyre, neglected, lay beneath a tree;
"No more in ſecret did I hear him talk,
"Nor at the grove, nor on the road was he.

"May each ſweet muſe collect her ſcatter'd flow'rs,
"To weave a vernal garland for his head,
"With nightly viſitations cheer his hours,
"And ſmooth the rugged path he's doom'd to tread."